

War Cry who have
 of Madam Guyon's
 of "An Iron Pillar,"
 are to obtain for them-
 selves, an abridged edition
 of the saint, as the original,
 is far too voluminous
 to be within the reach of
 many. We sincerely wel-
 come the recent issue of the
 abridgment we believe will be
 very handy, and certainly de-
 sirable among believers.
 The book is printed well
 and cheaply, the price of 20c. is

N, Ber.—We are still blessing us. Our bar-enlarged, and will now-ble for all. Self-Dental will get there.—Yours
J. W. R. Carter, Alex.

Ber.—It is rather difficult to still and see the salvation sometimes, and yet we go so. We have simply put God for a while with us as we could see, but no. One man volunteered to hold up his hand for us, at the opening. The Lord rests upon our people. S. Jacobs with us for the meeting. Rev. Mr. Carson with us to welcome.—Kate Welch, Cant.

ter.—After a severe trial, he has blessed our efforts, and we have had the joy of kneeling at the foot of the cross attending the meetings. We have many woly boys. Friends, help, and the general people. Better than any is the night of souls for mercy. How did o. Fry got the first one that the interest started us that one must plan but it is God that giveth. We thank God for the soldiers have fought against and stood firm till the S-B-D. is all right and target. Bro. Woodhouse with \$132. Bro. Anderson with \$8, if not more, and names reserve mentioned and Doughty, and Bro. and, and we must not Gilbert, who tramped Island to get his target.

following places on the mentioned dates :

Sun., Mon. and Tues.,
16 and 17. (Opening of
n's Shelter.)
Thurs., Jan. 19.
Fri., Jan. 20.
Sun. and Mon., Jan.

Vt., Tues., Jan. 24.
Wed., Jan. 25.

IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

CONCERNING:-
SHIP AGREEMENTS?
STOCK COMPANIES?
PROPERTY DEEDS?
MORTGAGES?
INSURANCES, OR
LEGACIES?

WITH YOUR EDITORS, ON MORTGAGEES?

missioner is willing to place at
wedge and experience of a com-
er (marked "Confidential"), to
A Temple, Albert St., Toronto.
expenses will be charged.

Y, Official Gazette of the
my, published by John M.
A. Printing House, 16
Toronto.

Price, 5 Cents.

The consumptive died when everybody thought he was recuperating; children are snatched from the home when least expected; the old do not expect Death.

Illustration. His skeleton form is covered by a traveller's robe; his bony feet are encased in riding boots; his skull shaded by a slouch hat. He prevents people looking at his eyeloss sockets by drawing attention to other things. He says, 'I am the great leveller: rich and poor are the same to me; all have to leave this world by my gate; I strip everybody of his possessions; the king of his crown, and the beggar of his staff; the rich of their gold, and the poor of their rags; the proud of their silks and satins; the learned of their books; the

He does not "even things up," but the real sorting out, the real distinction will be after death.

"I will give you rest," Death says to the sin-sick soul. The man puts the bullet through his brain, to be ushered into eternal unrest.

"I will cover your shame," Death says, and the girl leaps into the waters below to end her misery, only to find herself in perpetual despair.

"I will crown you with laurels and make your name a shining beacon," says Death, and the blood-thirsty warrior

a crushed mass of flesh and blood and bones, hundreds of feet below. And his soul — ?

"Not to-day," he whispered, although he was shaking with convulsion, and the next morning the fog prevented him seeing the approaching express train—he was killed while crossing the track. And his soul—
"Not this week, but next week," the young girl said with a final effort. She wanted to "take in" just one more party, so long prepared for. Overheated through dancing, she caught the fatal disease, and died unsaved. AND HER SOUL ? ?



even when one foot is already in the grave; the young think him a long way off, and are taken most frequently. Everybody knows they must die, few only realize the nearness of Death, few know him when he approaches, and less still are prepared to meet him.

Death prefers the young for his prey; children furnish the largest percentage of his victims. As life advances the death rate becomes scarcer, and comparatively few people see the three score and ten years the Psalmist sings of.

Death is a great deceiver. He comes mostly in disguise. Look at him in our

statesman of his power; the soldier of his sword; the gay of their pleasures; the gambler of his dice."

"Look here," he says, "I show you that a crown does not weigh more than a pipeworm with me," and he holds the balance by its tongue instead of the ring—just like the arguments of the "no hell" preachers—and the fooled people clap, and laugh, and cheer. "That's sound sense for us," they cry, for they like to be fooled; for they like to hear things put just as they like them to BE.

But, it is all deception. Death does not make all people alike, he only sifts them.

rushes into battle with Death on his swift horse behind him, mowing men down by the thousands and striking down their leader, who finds himself in outer darkness with a thousand ghosts cursing him.

Sinner, Death is a deceiver !

"Not to-night," said the devil to the convicted soul, and Death whispered, "Plenty of time yet." The next morning his mangled body was found underneath the street car. And his soul — ?"

"Not this afternoon," he answered the Captain; at night when descending the shaft the chain broke, and he was found

Sinner, seek salvation to-day. Sin is the sting of death; have sin washed away, and so be able to join at Death's approach into the triumphant cry: "O Death, where is thy sting? O Grave, where is thy victory?"

Christian, now I'll turn to thee—How
wilt thou do ?
When thou dost the river see—How
wilt thou do ?

To the Cross I then will cling,
Shout, "O death, where is thy sting?"
Victory! victory! I will sing—That's
how I'll do!

MODERN BOOK OF PROVERBS.

Collected by Solomon Small.

V.-SPANISH.

Another's care hangs by a hair.
He who slings frightens away ill.
Where there is mule there is no harm.
He who sows corn must go barefooted.
On the fool's beard everyone learns to shave.
If God is against you, the saints are of no use.
God works the cure, the doctor takes the fee.
The little birds have God for their eater.
He who goes with wolves learns how to howl.
The fault is as great as he who commits it.
The wolf loses his teeth, but not his inclinations.
When a fool has made up his mind the market is over.
He is a fool that thinks that another does not think.
If you take a cat to bed do not complain of its claws.
The one-eyed man is a king in the country of the blind.
He who takes the wrong road must make his journey twice over.
Do not rejoice at my grief, for when mine is old your will be new.
That which a fool does at the end a wise man does at the beginning.
Bacchus (God of Drink) has drowned more men than Neptune (God of the Sea).

How to Sell War Cry.

What Two Cadets of the Winnipeg Training Garrison Say About It.

I.
When I first enter a place I walk in and say "Good-morning," and I ask in a kind way if they would buy a War Cry. Perhaps they will answer this way: "No, I don't think I can afford to take one this time."
I say, "It's a very good War Cry this week, and has very nice reading; you'd better buy one this morning."
"Well, I guess I will take one."
I give them the War Cry and they give me the money.
Another one may say:
"I have more papers than I can read. I get the newspaper every day, and that's all the reading I need."
"Now try a Cry for once, and leave out one of the newspapers," I say.
"Well, I'll take one this week."
Sometimes I say, "I hope you will enjoy the reading."
Next week I come to the same place again and ask how he liked the War Cry.
"Oh, I like the reading very much. I'll take one this week."
Now, someone else will say, "Oh, I don't want any Salvation Army paper in my house, not if you gave it to me."
"Well," I say, "the Lord bless you, brother, good-bye," and walk out.
Others buy them without any difficulty. I have found that if I speak kind they don't like to refuse. I always say "Good-morning," and "Good-bye," and "Thank you," to those who buy the Cry.
—Cadet Annie Hangan.

II.
In regard to the very important question of what is the best way to sell War Cry, I would say with my limited experience, that the most important thing to do is to pray a great deal about it before leaving home.
Pray that God will go with us, and that we will not only sell the War Cry because we feel we must, and that our only object is to get rid of them, but because we love to sell the War Cry for the good they have done; and pray that not only the War Cry will be a blessing, but we ourselves may be a blessing to the people we meet. If we go trusting in Jesus and in the spirit of prayer, we shall have success.
We should also know ourselves what the War Cry contains, because people often ask us what the news is.
Then, again, we must be pleasant and polite, and kind to everyone we meet, no matter what mean or unkind things they may say to us, we should give a kind "God bless you."—Cadet Myrtle Wilcox.

JOTTINGS BY THE WAY

From Prince Edward Island.

Adj. Crilighton and his aides left Charlottetown on Sunday afternoon, 4th Dec, for a Self-Denial tour, beginning with our outpost, Winsloe Road. Seemed as if prospects were rather discouraging—mud, mud, nothing but mud! Splash, dash, carriage rocking at times like a ship, had to hold on or out we might go. However, reached Winsloe all right, and ready for tea at our Brother Nunn's house. Prayed with dear Mrs. Nunn, who is seriously ill. She has a blessed experience. Has lived for God, and is ready to obey the summons. "Come up higher."
A nice crowd gathered in the barracks. Adj. and Mrs. Chappell, with brass instruments, accompanied the singing. Sister Calder accompanied her singing with autoharp—quite new in the country, and took splendidly. Our comrades were

a friend, who also got saved, had attended our meetings in town, when attending college. Shall we ever in this world know how many are saved by attending our meetings?
Visited one house in which four generations are living together in peace and harmony.

Night, very dark, but off to Pleasant Valley Church, guided by Bro. Murray's lantern, where a good number had gathered, some coming two or three miles to attend the S. A. meeting.
Next afternoon left for Hunter River. Meeting that night in quite a large Methodist Church, which was well filled, and best of all.

Three Young Girls Came Out

and gave their hearts to God. One of them said it was the song Sister Calder sang, "It must be settled to-night," which led her to decide.
Next day, very cold, rough roads, but did some visiting and a little collecting. Left in the afternoon for New Glasgow. Arrangements had been made for meet-

Drove about 9 miles, reached home an hour after midnight, praising the Lord, well saved and glad to be used in His service. Surely we could exclaim, goodness and mercy followed us every step of the way, and feeling quite ready for just such another tour.—Mary, F. Ellis.

Truths Well Clothed.

Every delay gives opportunity for disaster.—Napoleon.

The retrospect of life swarms with lost opportunities.—Sir H. Taylor.

It is better to be nobly remembered than nobly born.—Ruskin.

Doing good is the only certainly happy action of a man's life.—Sir Philip Sydney.

Want and sorrow are the wages that folly earns for itself.—Schubert.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is how much has been escaped.—Johnson.

The great secret of success in life is for a man to be ready when his opportunity comes.—Disraeli.

Do not love life? Then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of.—Franklin.

The brave man wants no charms to encourage him to his duty, and the good man needs no warnings that would deter him from fulfilling it.—Bulwer.

"Look not mournfully into the Past. It comes not back again. Wisely improve the Present. It is thine. Go forth to meet the shadowy Future without fear, and with a manly heart."—H. W. Longfellow.

How mankind defers from day to day the best it can do, and the most beautiful things it can enjoy, without thinking that every day may be the last one, and that lost time is lost eternally.—Max Muller.

Self-Denial at Montreal 1.

The week preceding S.-D. was a very busy one, for the supply of printed matter was several thousand copies short, which deficiency had to be made good by collecting material and having it printed here. We had also to carefully subdivide the districts so that each section of the Corps would have an equal prospect of securing their respective targets. Some of the comrades assisted me considerably in this matter, by working night after night, until the whole business was finished.
When Self-Denial Week arrived, every comrade was ready, and apparently full of faith that the target of \$200 would be secured.
They were prepared to do their individual share towards securing it, hence my mind was fully satisfied that VICTORY was sure.

On Thursday evening, Dec. 1st, the returns were brought in by those who could do so, and I was more than grateful to my soldiers for the startling result of their efforts.

Montreal I brass band have a record of their own. They absolutely refuse to have any special attachments to the band for Self-Denial collections, yet I found that the returns for Self-Denial in

1882, was 13 bandmen, \$138.82.

1883, was 12 bandmen, 171.82.

1887, was 11 bandmen, 163.00.

Numbering them up, I found there were twelve who played instruments, and were every day bandmen. I considered their previous effort, and decided to mark their target at \$75.

One of them was unable to do anything by reason of an accident, yet they contributed the magnificent sum of \$232.23, an average of nearly \$20 each. God bless them.

The Juniors did beautifully, coming to the front with \$140, which was \$15 above their target.

Mother Lewis is a wonder, with her untiring energy she was able to record \$50 as the amount of her collections. There are still others who did well, but far too many for the Cry man to make special mention of. Several friends assisted the rank and file to get their \$20, which made a splendid return.

We officers had a share in the fight, which gave us cause for our great rejoicing in the glorious victory.

The total return went over the target. To God we give the glory.—Geo. Burditt, Staff-Capt.

He Knows.

IF I could only surely know
That all those things that tire me so
Are noticed by my Lord,
The pang that cuts me like a knife,
The lesser pains of daily life,
The noise, the weariness, the strife,
What peace it would afford.

I wonder if he really shares
In all my little human cares,
This mighty King of kings!
If He Who guides through boundless space
Each blazing planet in its place,
Can have the condescending grace
To mind these petty things.

It seems to me if sure of this,
Blend with each ill would come such bliss
That I might covet pain;
And deem whatever brought to me
The loving sense of Deity
And sense of Christ's sweet sympathy,
Not less but richest gain.

Dear Lord, my heart shall no more doubt
That thou dost compass me about
With sympathy divine.
The love for me once crucified
Is not the love to leave my side,
But waiteth ever to divide
Each smallest care of mine.

J. ALEXANDER.

greatly cheered and sinners brought to consider their ways. Had to say, none yielded.

Hoping and praying that frost might dry up the road we looked for answer in the morning, finding they had improved a little had an early start for Hunter River. Part way to our next appointment overtaken by a snow storm. Through the mud and snow reached Bro. Murray's house, where we were received with open arms. It was deemed impossible to go to the hall, a mile away, so had a most enjoyable meeting in Sister Murray's dining room, a neighbor with their family, seven in all, joining us. The Lord cheered us with one soul.

Next day visited several families, all delighted to see officers and soldiers of the S. A. Heard from a mother's lips that

Three of Her Seven Sons

had been converted in the Army. One, aged 18, died a glorious death. He, with

ing in the Court House, which was nearly filled. In this meeting, as in the others, the claims of the Social Work, as well as the extension of the spiritual work, was brought before the people, the Adjutant giving statistics and incidents of the work in Canada, and the writer telling a little of what she had seen of the work in England, Ireland and Scotland. People seemed interested.

Next morning, bitterly cold, but bright, and after considerable jolting over

Frozen Mud for Fifteen Miles.

was glad to get out opposite the church and ask for admission at Mrs. McDougall's, Adjutant and Bro. Chappell on 2 1/2 miles further to the home of one of our soldiers. We visited and prayed with several families in the afternoon, and at night had a beautiful meeting in the church. A splendid crowd, good collection. A great number standing up as a testimony that they were on the Lord's side.

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WINDSOR
WINNIPEG

MRS. B

"MARK OUT THE PATH."

Mark out the path our wayward feet
may tread
When clouds, and storm, and darkness,
gather over head:
And through this tangled wilderness
blaze every tree,
Mark out the path, dear Lord, that lead
to Thee.

"Thy easy in the sunshine to be brave,
When smiles and favor greet us every-
where,
When little boats dance lightly on the
waves,
And float their banners on the summer
air.

But, oh! amid the breakers to be cast,
Where dismal wrecks and angry billows
strew,
To sail before the fury of the blast,
God willeth a stronger vessel and a
nobler crew.

Be with us, Lord, whatever may befall,
When skies are dark and not a star in
view,
When foes assail us and when friends
desert,
Be ever near us, Lord, and keep us
true.

Andrew J. Smart.



Brigadier Howell's Doings.

McFee's Marriage and Trail Tips.

The Pacific P. O. is always on the
wing. Here to-day and there to-mor-
row. Hardly had he said "Good-bye" to
the Territorial Secretary, whom he ac-
companied through the largest portion
of the Province, when we find him again
in Nelson uniting two of our prominent
members of this corps in the bonds of
holy matrimony.

Slater Little was the bride, and Bro.
McFee (ex-Captain) the bridegroom.
This happy event took place on Tues-
day, Dec. 6th, and the knot was tied
about 3 p.m.

The wedding was preceded by a ban-
quet to which over 100 persons sat down.
The barracks was packed to its ut-
most capacity, many only securing
standing room.

Upon the entrance of the bridal party,
headed by Brigadier Howell, and the
D. O., Adj. Edgcombe, a rousing volley
was given.

The Brigadier, an old hand at conduct-
ing ceremonies of this sort, did what
may be called a "good job," managing
the different parts well, and the contract-
ing parties responded without any hesi-
tancy. The audience was very attentive,
as well as appreciative.

All the officers of the District were
present at the "big do," including En-
sign Lenton, Capt. Quant and Arnold,
and Lieuts. Galt and Brown.

The meeting was closed with the testi-
monies of Bro. and Sister McFee, and
an appeal to the unswerving by the Bri-
gadier. God bless Bro. and Sister McFee.

TRAIL, the Kootenay's latest opening
was visited by the P. O. next, on his
way home. The S. A. has a number of
practical friends here, and a splendid
audience greeted the Brigadier on his
first visit to the infant corps, of which
Capt. Arnold and Lieut. Brown are the
commanders.

The Revs. Glomford and Sweet took
part in the meeting, each expressing their
sincere wishes for a prosperous future
of the R. A. in Trail.

The opening expenses are nearly cleared
off, and two recruits were enrolled in
connection with the Brigadier's visit.

The Brigadier spoke with much liberty
and power, making a deep impression
upon his listeners. Trail expects the
Brigadier back again soon.—X. Y. Z.

WHAT DO YOU DO WITH YOUR CURRENT LITERATURE?

We are still in need of books, magazines, and good
periodicals for the "Home Reading Room" of our
various Regiments. If you, The Field Commission-
ers, will be so kind to send us your contributions to this character to
the following addresses:

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SHELENA, Mont.—Maj. Wallon, 535 Brockington St.
WINNIPEG, Man.—Maj. Major Jewer, 480 Yonge St.

—OR TO—

MRS. BRIGADIER BEAD, ALBERT ST., TORONTO.

The Evolution of a Seed.

(Serial.)

FIRST STAGE.



ETHER much
transplanting
at this some
necessity this
history will show.

He was very
small—that is, no
larger than his
usual after the
wide experience of just two weeks,
when migration began. Some babies
would have died from the risk of the
journey, but thus early George had
not learned how to die, and instead,
lived and flourished.

Fond fingers stroking the small
brown pate discovered that rarely, a
double crown, noticeable a few years
later, and ever since, by a wayward
wisp which resented all coaxings of the
comb to reduce it to the level of his
hair. The supposition that a double
crown entitles the possessor to a life
under more than one flag early held
good with George Seeds. With the
advanced wisdom of twelve months,
he took his second fitting—this time
over the border.

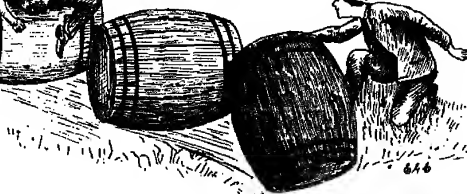
Eight years in the Quaker State made
up a boyhood which laid claim to not
one characteristic of the Society of
Friends. Peace principles—if anybody
states that he knows boys naturally
blessed with such, he is a prodigy, and
so are the boys, amongst whom George
Seeds is not included. Religion itself
plays some important part in his
numerous fights. George was an aver-
age unit in a big Protestant school.
Faith—or fortune—had located the
Catholic seminary not far away. Both
schools were rampant with sectarian-
ism. The smallest scholars were fired
with furious zeal. What the fathers
made much ado about in words, their
sons fought for. Those days were voted
fame which did not score a licking for
one outside the gates of either's alma
mater—in summer it was a hand-
saw conflict—in winter a sharp shower
of stoned snow-balls. In one scholar's
case, however, this vent to feeling has
left behind it no latent animosity.

Union City was

A Mischief's Canaan

flowing not with milk and honey, but
with oil. The rows of cooper shops
necessitated by the petroleum wells,
which honeycombed the place, were
sources of no small sport. An inclined
plane trundled the barrels from the
coopers' to the oil shops. To hop upon
the hindmost and slide slowly from
one to the other as they rolled, was
glorious fun, save when some enemy
tripped up the train half way down,
and the slider and half his wind
squeezed out as he fell between.

But the oil itself made the most
fascinating addition to oil frolics. The
fourth of July did not come round
often enough, and a much minor event
was sufficient excuse to parade the
streets with a torch-light procession.
Oil-soaked sticks, commonly called
"cat-tails," provided torches galore. If
the profusion of half-extinguished
torches somewhat endangered the
town—well, Union City was nothing,
if not loyal, and we suppose its police
were willing to sacrifice something of
safety to national sentiment.



save when some enemy tripped up the train half way down, and the
slider had half his wind squeezed out as he fell between."

But the most serious situation of oily
fun on record resulted from an unaided
exploit of George himself. He was
on his way home from Sunday School,
when the idea struck him to keep him-
self company by making a little blaze.
George had all a boy's scorn for small
things, and the blaze soon became a
big one. Before he was aware it had
caught the surrounding brushwood, all
more or less saturated with inflammable
moisture. The alarm grew, for al-
though the spreading bonfire was on its
outskirts, the whole town was in dan-
ger. Some hundred spades and shovels
rushed an earthwork to gateway the
encroaching line of flame, and thus
saved the city. George was an un-
usually quiet witness of the exciting
fight. As soon as possible he slunk
home with would-be innocent air.

A Suggestive Strap

hanging in readiness on a chair,
told that his father had also
been an early on-looker. Some-
how or other the origin of the fire
leaked out, and for years George felt
that the city never forgave the boyish
prank.

An incident of April Fool Day oc-
curred about this time. A fine flight
of pigeons had fluttered over the city
with the brush of wings. A bird-snar-
ing excursion to the woods was planned
for the morrow. Six-year-old
George and two younger brothers
sailed forth in fine style, but
they found no pigeons, instead, some-
thing else found them. The something
was a big brown thing running down
one of the woodland paths toward
them. As they looked, it seemed to
grow bigger. "A bear—a bear!"
screamed the scared trio, and raced for
dear life. Their brown pursuer reared
too, and three panting, terrified boys
rushed at last in the Seeds' door, and
slamming it behind them yelled again,
"A bear—a bear!" Armed with a
stout stick, George's big brother went
out to interview Bruin, but the bear
proved to be only an inoffensive wood-
chuck.



"You dare me, do you?"

Least the impression should be left
that George was a coward, here must
follow another exploit, which shows
him in his usual cocky character.
Stupid swimming facilities were
within reach, and our hero early
learned the art. His first attempt will
not be forgotten. Standing on the river
bank, just above the mill dam, some
boon companions "stumped" small
Seeds, then only seven years old, to
jumping off outstretching willow.
"You dare me, do you," was the re-
tor, "then look here," and
throwing off his boots, George
jumped into over twenty feet
of water. He had not any idea how to
swim, and after the usual number of
sinkings and risings, the latter ceased,
and bye and bye the tell-tale bubbles
bursting told that

George was Drowning.

The frightened onlooker divined in
and brought the unconscious boy to

land. After an amount of punching
and pumping, breath came again. Dis-
cretion delayed return home until
his hair was dried. But when George's
innocent countenance looked round the
door where his mother was busy iron-
ing, he was greeted with—

"You precious boy, you might this
moment be lying in a watery grave."
Then, in the same breath, "You young
rascal, you'll be the end of us all with
fright some day."

The family grocer's cart had been
passing over the river bridge at the
moment of George's engulfing, and
after seeing him pulled out, drove over
to the boy's home, there to basely
retail the whole story to his mother.

The floggings that fell, not altogether
undeservedly on George, are too many
to relate. Their memories remain.
The smell of pancakes recalls a never-
to-be-forgotten morning when, while
the mother cooked the savory dish,
father enforced a lesson of implicit
obedience by a handful of birch
switches. But the subject is too sore
a one to more than touch upon.



"A bear, a bear!" screamed the scared
trio, and raced for dear life."

One more exploit of George's early
boyhood—it nearly cost him his life.
General Tom Thumb was then the
prevailing excitement. One evening,
when George was "minding
house," a neighbor's boy, sent
the loan of a photograph of this al-
timative hero. It was in his mother's
room, but George knew where to find it
and went upstairs three steps at a
time, glass lamp in hand, to get it.
Returning with more haste than safety,
he tripped his foot at the top stair and
fell headlong. The light was extin-
guished, of course, and George, the lamp,
and the photograph fell in

A Confused and Crushed Heap

on the floor. Feeling a little
stunned, but with "junking"
the furthest from his mind, George
hurried into the neighbor's with the
photograph.

"Why, there's blood dripping from
your sleeve," cried his friend's mother.
Rolling it up they found part of the
lamp glass pot sticking in his arm.
The woman pulled it out, and the
blood gushed up with the fountain
effect only produced when an artery is
touched. In a few minutes George was
speechless from loss of blood. Only
immediate and surgical aid could have
saved his life. And yet considering
some of the half-breath rescues that
afterwards befell him, we can hardly
call it in comparison, even a narrow
escape.

(To be continued.)

THE MAN IN THE SACK.

I read in the life of John Wesley a
story of Methodists meeting in a barn,
and how certain of the villagers, who
were afraid to break through the door,
resolved to place one inside who would
open the door to them during the service,
that they might disturb the congregation.
This person went in before the service
began, and concealed himself in a sack
in a corner of the barn. When the
Methodists began to sing he liked the
tune so well that he would not get out
of the sack till he heard it through.
Then followed a prayer, and during the
prayer God worked on the man in the
sack, so he began to cry for mercy.
The good people looked around, and
were astonished to find a stranger in a
sack seeking the Saviour. The door was
not opened to the mob after all; for
he who intended to do so was converted.
It does not matter how the people come
to hear the Gospel; God can bless them
in any case. If Christ is preached, men
will be saved, even if they come to
disturb.

Men are often capable of greater things
than they perform. They are sent into
the world with bills of credit, and ac-
cording draw to their full extent.—Walpole.

A Tie-Up

AT LIPPINCOTT STREET.

Brigadier Caskin Conducted the Marriage Ceremony of Adjutant "Jim" Adams, of the Trade, and Captain Maggie L. Smith, of the C. O. P.

The pleasure of your company is requested at the marriage of
CAPTAIN MAGGIE L. SMITH
to

ADJUTANT JAMES ADAMS

at the Salvation Army Barracks, Lippincott St., Toronto, on Tuesday, Dec. 20th, 1898, at 8 o'clock p.m.

In compliance with the above invitation I journeyed Lippincott-wards on Tuesday night, Dec. 20th, to see the great deed done. On my arrival at the barracks I found that the march had not yet arrived but the hall was well filled. Ere long you could hear the sound of a band, and in came the march headed by the Lippincott Brass Band. Major Eargrave lined out the first song and the meeting had well started, when in walked the interested couple, accompanied by Brigadier and Mrs. Gaskin, Esq. Turpin, who was best man, and Sister Smith, the Captain's sister. The song was forgotten for the moment, for who could allow such an occasion to pass without giving a clasp of their hands, a shout of joy, or something of the kind.

The Brigadier called on Adj. Stanyon to pray, and then—

"I'll follow the Saviour by day and by night,
I'll follow the Saviour, for He leadeth me aright."

was taken up by the audience and sang most heartily.

A few introductory words from the Brigadier followed. First, he said there was to be no rice thrown around, as it was a sinful waste. He quoted the old adage, "Wifal waste makes woful want." Second, there is to be no bouncing.

The Brigadier read a portion of Scripture and then called on Major Eargrave to read the Articles of Marriage, after which the interested couple were asked to step forth, which they did. Both answered at the proper time with "I will," in a clear and distinct voice. The Brigadier then pronounced them to be man and wife, and asked the audience to bow their heads while he prayed. After which the band favored us with a selection.

The Brigadier spoke a few words in reference to Adj. and Mrs. Adams. He had, he said, seen the Adjutant a good many times, and he always seemed to be busy at something, besides he believed him to be a real good fellow in every respect. He also said that if Solomon's wife had written any of the Proverbs she would have written this: "Whoso findeth a husband findeth a good thing." Continuing the Brigadier said that it was anything to do with it, they were all right. He had spent five days at the corps with Mrs. Adams, when she was Captain of the corps at Little Current, and he knew whereof he spoke when she said he was O. K. The Brigadier also told of how when he wanted a supply for a few weeks during self-denial, how willingly she filled the gap, went in red-hot for B.D., and scored a big victory.

Major Horn, who termed himself the Adjutant's "boss," spoke next. He was not a great speech maker, but he could truthfully say that he knew the Adjutant to be a real good fellow. Before sitting down he gave the Adjutant one of his sweet kisses.

The Adjutant said that he did not understand the Brigadier when he made reference to his size, and when he said that "Good goods were done up in small parcels." Because, he said, "when I buy good goods I like to get a good lot of them." He thanked the audience for their kind attention, and for the interest they had taken in being there. Continuing, he said, "I made up my mind some time ago that I would be present this evening, rain or shine." He knew there were red-letter days in everybody's life, and he thought he would not soon forget this one. He was glad it only came once in a lifetime and was also glad because it was all over with. He wished the audience a Merry Christmas before sitting down. After a few words from Mrs. Adams Mrs. Gaskin and the Brigadier drew the meeting to a close.

After the meeting we sat down, at least about half of those present at the wedding did, to one of the finest banquets that the writer has ever had the privilege to attend. Adj. Desbriary, Capt. Carlton and the Cadets and soldiers of Lippincott have worked hard to make the meeting the success it was, and in spite of the night being wet, the hall was filled right up.—G. W. Peacock.



UNITED FOR SERVICE.



Toronto, Dec. 20, 1898.

ADJUTANT AND MRS. ADAMS.



The Human Heart.

In conversing with a friend the other day, she said to me, "You then believe in total depravity?"

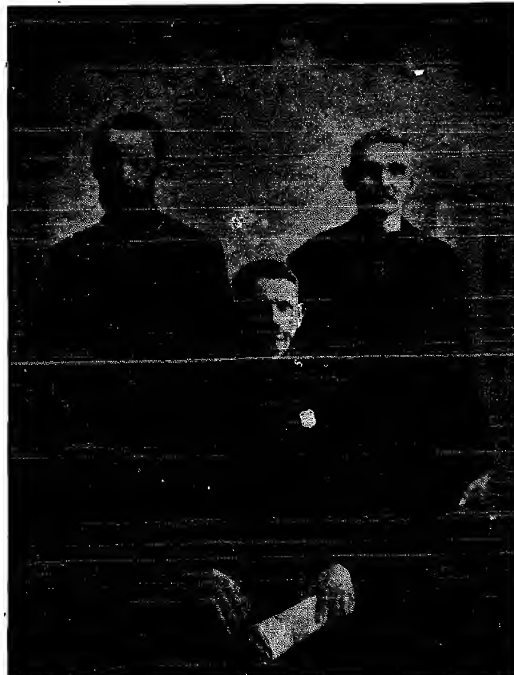
I answered, "Most assuredly I do. I believe that the human heart, in its unregenerated, unweakened state is what God describes to be 'deceitful above all things and desperately wicked,' and under provocation, capable of committing the very worst crimes that can be imagined, for the seed of evil is within that heart. Look at the words of our Lord Himself in Mark vii, 'That which cometh out of the man that defileth the man. For from within, out of the heart of man proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, wickedness, conceit, murders, thefts, covetousness, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemies, pride, foolishness. All these evil things come from within, and defile the man.'"

Oh, my unconverted reader, will you see how if never before, that according to this statement you are in this terrible condition. Your heart is indeed depraved. It is a desperately wicked heart, not subject to the law of God, neither indeed can be in your present state. You are a child of wrath. You are exposed to the wrath of God Almighty. You are under the curse of the law, guilty, condemned, in bondage to the devil, and liable at any moment to drop into hell, into everlasting burning, and but for the long-suffering and mercy of God you would have been there ere this. But, oh, backsliding!

God has provided a way of escape. Look, oh, look! You are nearly in the flames. But look, there is Jesus, the great fire-escape, so near you can jump into His arms and be safe. But you must repent, confess and forsake all your sins, and then the glorious promise in Ezekiel xxxvi. will be yours, "I will sprinkle clean water upon you and you shall be clean from all your filthiness and from all your idols. I will cleanse you, a new heart also will I give you and a new spirit will I put within you." You shall then bring forth the fruits of the spirit, "Love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance." Wonderful, wonderful change! Washed in the Blood of Jesus. A new creature, heart white, clean, pure, holy in the sight of God. And when this life is over you shall be permitted, say, if you do His commandments you shall have a right to the tree of life, and shall enter through the gates into the City.—M. F. Ellis.

The Eternal Cross.

"But all through life I see a Cross,
Where sons of God yield up their breath,
There is no gain except by loss,
There is no life except by death.
There is no vision but by faith,
Nor glory but by bearing shame;
Nor justice but by taking blame!
And that eternal passion saith,
'Be emptied of glory, right and name.'"
Walter C. Smith.



THE THREE MARKS OF PETERBORO.

Treasurer Mark Butcher, Color-Sergeant Mark Spencey, Brother Mark Walwright.

FLAGGING ZEAL.

Haggai 1. 2.

Haggai is the first of the three prophets sent to the Jews after their restoration to their own land. His brief message is given to arouse them to a task of which they had grown weary, the rebuilding of the House of God, begun very zealously 16 years before when about 50,000 of them returned from captivity. It is

A Call to Work.

Their temple was typical in more than one way. It is a type, in its state in Haggai's time, of the temple spoken of in Eph. ii. 14-22. This is an unfinished church, being built by human instrumentality. Its materials are men and women, hewn out of the quarry of the world, and fashioned into "living stones." These stones are of two substances, Jew and Gentile, never welded together before, but now draw their angle of meeting in Christ, the Corner-stone.

God's purpose towards Gentile and Jew respectively is indicated in Acts xv. 14-17, and Romans xii. 5, 25, 26. In Ephesians ii. we have two elections coming together in order to form a church, they are elected to elect, and the Gentile part of the church is not complete without the Jewish.

Haggai's command to the Jews is "Go up and work, and his encouragement, 'For I am with you.' It is the same work, the same promise, and the same power for service that are given to us to-day. (Matt. xxviii. and Acts i.)

Who Are the Workers?

Priest, prince, and people—all the people, men and women (Haggai 2-4). Is not one reason why our temple building goes on so slowly, that it is left to Joshua and Zerubbabel instead of "all the people?"

In the days of the French revolution, when France was threatened by enemies on all sides, the Convention issued a "Levee en masse," by which "all France" was called out against the foe. Men, women, and children, had their work assigned, in field, home or hospital, and so well was the call answered, that the victories of France overspread Europe.

We have heard God's "Levee en masse," "I have redeemed thee, thou art Mine." The silver and the gold are the Levites. How is it we are still taking liberties with His property?

What Hindered?

In Haggai's time there were several hindrances. There were discouraging comparisons (Haggai 2-3). This temple was nothing to look at after Solomon's, and its Holy of Holies was empty. We cannot expect a world or even a nation, and there is often little outward success in mission work. A worldly Christian would rather give half a million for some grand building than spend it on missions that have nothing to show.

There was opposition (Ch. 1-2). They say still, especially about the conversion of Israel, "the time is not come" nor is it, for the conversion of the world, but it is the time for preaching the Gospel "to every creature."

The greatest hindrance was selfishness, love of ease, covetousness. The men who said it was "not the time" to build for God, had time to build for themselves, "ceded houses,"—houses with beautiful tiled roofs. The command to "go up" and work, meant climbing Mount Lebanon, absence from home, and hard work. Yet is it not better to climb the bleak mountain with God, and hear His "Well done," than to sit in our "ceded houses," and know that we must one day give account to Jesus face to face?—D. Baron.

Wants and Needs.

A "need" is one thing; a "want" is another thing. We want a great many more things than we need. A good parent wants the child to have whatever he needs, and is ready to secure such things for him, if within his power. He would be a culpable parent who would give his child whatever things he wanted, whether he needed them or not. A parent is, in fact, set to the duty of keeping his child from having many a thing he wants, as well as securing for the child whatever he needs. Our Heavenly Father is truest and best of parents in this same discrimination of gifts to His children. He knoweth what things we have need of before we ask Him. We tell Him the things that we want. We ought to be grateful that God will not give us the things that we want unless He knows that we also have need of them.

The Territorial Secretary in the Pacific Province

BIG TIMES—THOROUGH INSPECTION—SUCCESSFUL MEETINGS.

By BRIGADIER HOWELL.

The visit of the Territorial Secretary to the Pacific Province has been highly satisfactory; officers and soldiers received much encouragement. The Colonel "caught on" with the Westerners immensely. He had his introduction into the Pacific at Revelstoke, one of our recent openings, and was very much impressed with the blood-and-fire spirit of our soldiers there. The P. O. met the Colonel at Vancouver, in which city he had landed two hours before the P. O., who found him engrossed at the inspection of corps work.

The reception meeting on Saturday night was a rattling time. The Colonel had visited the coast some four years ago, and his old friends were glad to see him. The soldiers were full of fire. The Sergt.-Major of Vancouver Corps welcomed the Territorial Secretary on behalf of the corps, while Lieut. Jones gave the Colonel a warm welcome on behalf of the Social, and the P. O. assured him a most hearty welcome on behalf of the officers of the Pacific. The Colonel spoke with much liberty, and said, "I cannot leave the dear old flag." This song caught on so well that he was requested to sing it again on Sunday afternoon.

Twenty-seven persons met for knee-drill and prayed for an outpouring of the Spirit of God. An excellent crowd gathered for the holiness meeting, at which the Colonel gave a powerful address. Five persons came forward seeking salvation and cleansing. 3 p.m. was a rousing time—a proper Army crowd, fiery testimonies, and a full house at night, with a splendid spirit all through the meeting. The Colonel's subject was "The Great White Throne." God used his words. The crowd stayed until 11 p.m., and four souls were saved.

Monday was a very stormy day. It was snowing and raining. Vancouver people can stand any weather but snow and slush, hence our crowd at the 1st Congregational Church was rather slim. Rev. Mr. Meekie, an old friend of the Army, assisted on Monday night. The soldiers rallied up well and we had a very good finish.

The Colonel inspected the Shelter and Wood Yard, being much pleased with everything in general, and commended Adj. and Mrs. Patterson and their assistants highly for the work accomplished.

Tuesday we boarded steamer "Islander" for Victoria, where we were met by Adjts. Ayre and Barr, who gave the Colonel a very fitting welcome to the Capital City. The Colonel conducted three meetings. The soldiers were apparently much encouraged and blessed. We spent Thanksgiving Day here.

After this we took the Great Northern to Spokane, passing over the Cascade Mountains. The sights and scenes will ever be remembered by the T. S. The Colonel received a grand welcome in a full house. Words suitable were spoken by some of the local people and by Mrs. Alward on behalf of the Social, Captain Thoen on behalf of the Rescue Home, and Staff-Captain Turner on behalf of the Province. The Colonel's meetings on Sunday were very helpful. The attendance was splendid, and fourteen in all came forward. The T. S. was very busy while at Spokane. He went through all the Provincial and Corps Books, and wound up his visit with a cup of tea at the P. O.'s quarters with all the City Staff.

Here "The Haven," as well as the Rescue Home, was visited, much to the satisfaction of the Colonel.

A splendid house greeted the T. S. at Missoula, and had an excellent meeting. Finding that we could reach Anaconda by Friday, at the same time giving Missoula another meeting, the Colonel decided to put in another night at Missoula, very much to the delight of the soldiers and friends. Landing at Anaconda, Ensign Stanbury was taken by surprise, she expecting us to arrive on the midnight train, but the Ensign was equal to the occasion and made us feel at home very soon. The Colonel's meeting at the 1st Methodist Church was in every sense successful. The Rev. Mr. Ewken introduced the visitor to his congregation.

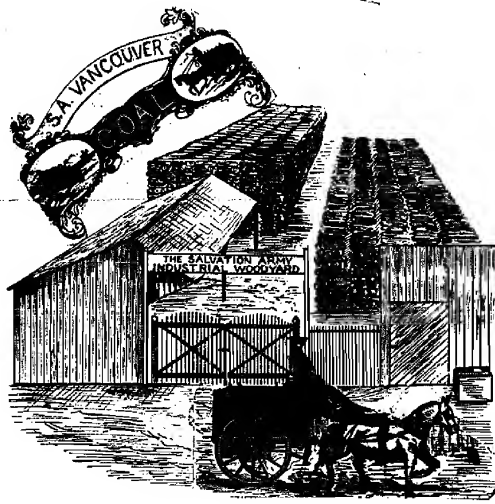
A splendid reception in every sense, the

Colonel received at Butte. The D. O., Adj. Hay, came over to Anaconda to escort the T. S. to that great mining centre, where the Colonel witnessed some very interesting things. This is what the Anaconda Standard says about the Colonel's visit:

Lieut.-Colonel J. E. Margetts, one of the oldest and best known general officers of the Salvation Army, it on a visit to Butte. Colonel Margetts is Territorial Secretary of the Army, under Commissioner Eva Booth, and is making an inspection of all the posts in Commissioner Booth's jurisdiction. Colonel Margetts arrived in Butte yesterday morning, accompanied by Brigadier Howell, of Spokane. The day was spent in examining the records and inspecting the property of the local post, and in the evening the distinguished visitor was tendered a reception at the Army barracks, which was attended by a gathering which filled the commodious hall to its capacity.

The visitor was welcomed by Brigadier Howell and Adj. Hay in brief speeches and Colonel Margetts responded, reviewing his impressions of his present tour. Among other things, he said that in swinging around the circle from his headquarters to the Pacific Coast and back, he had visited all the posts en route, and in all his Territory nowhere had he found the Salvation Army in a more flourishing condition than in the West. He paid a special tribute of praise to the circumstances in which he finds the local post. At the conclusion of the speaking Colonel Margetts shook hands for about half an hour with those who had gathered to welcome him.

His meetings on Sunday were conducted in the Auditorium, which were of an interesting character and well attended. The Standard gives the following report of the same:



"Lieut.-Colonel Margetts, the noted Salvation Army leader, who is visiting the local Salvation Army post, held three rousing meetings at the Auditorium yesterday, one in the morning at 11 o'clock, another at 3 in the afternoon, and a third at 8 in the evening. All were largely attended, and the eloquent speaker succeeded in arousing a great deal of enthusiasm."

Adj. and Mrs. Hay have a nice platform of soldiers, and got their 3-1 target in splendid shape and went over. The P. O. said good-bye to the T. S. here.

The P. O. and T. S. met an old friend at Seattle, in the person of Staff-Capt. Watson, who is the Social Superintendent of the Northern Pacific Hotel Division. We visited the Shelter, Wood Yard and Banquet Factory. Our old friend is in good spirits and happy in his work. He is also enquiring after his old friends.

The Press has given good space and reports of the Colonel's meetings.

The Colonel expressed himself as being very much at home with the Western people.

The officers did all they could for the comfort of the T. S. and the success of his meetings.

Up to Butte thirty-one souls came to the Master's feet has done us all good, and we were very sorry to part with him.

Moncton's Big Go.

Brigadier Pugmire Talks on the Social and Spiritual Development of the Salvation Army.

PREMIER EMERSON PRESIDES.

The barracks was filled by an audience in sympathy with the S. A., and which listened with remarkable attention to all that the Brigadier had to say about the progress of our work.

Hon. H. R. Emerson presided, and Mayor Cole and W. C. Robinson, M.P.P., who were also present by special invitation, occupied front seats among the officers and soldiers of the local corps. Premier Emerson briefly addressed the meeting by way of introducing Brigadier Pugmire, the Provincial Officer.

The Moncton Daily Times says:

Mr. Emerson, who was received with considerable applause on rising, said he esteemed it an honor to be called upon to preside over such a meeting. The work of the Salvation Army had been such as to elicit the respect of the people. In the work he saw a consecrated personality seldom seen in this world of ours. This institution was one which had a missionary purpose, and he was sure this missionary spirit met with the commendation of the people of this empire at least. The concentrated personality by which the work in the Army was characterized, he was sure, would accomplish very much. At the beginning of the present century, he pointed out, only one-fifth of the people

heard the Gospel, and he exhorted his audience to do their share in carrying the Gospel to the unenlightened.

A collection on behalf of the work was taken at the close of the Brigadier's address, after which Mayor Cole and Mr. C. W. Robinson were called upon for speeches. Both spoke briefly in commendation of the good work done by the Salvation Army, their remarks being warmly applauded.

Safe Over Jordan.

ALBERT DUNCAN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

Our hearts have been saddened by the loss of our beloved comrade, Albert Duncan, who was promoted to Glory from the ranks of the Salvation Army, in Campbellton, on Nov. 22nd.



For over eight years Bro. Duncan has been a faithful soldier, and as long as health and strength permitted, he was in his place, both on the march and platform, ever ready to testify to what Jesus had done for him. Although very young when he gave his heart to the Lord, he had learned much of sin, and he has often said that he was saved just in time.

For something over a year he has been ailing, but he was only in bed a little over two weeks. Consumption had laid its withering hand upon him, and he could not realize the fact, he had gone. He did not know that death was so near, but, praise the Lord, he was ready, and sofly as one going to sleep, his spirit went to be with Jesus. Our deepest sympathies and prayers are with his sorrowing relatives. Especially do we sympathize with his dear old grandmother, who has long filled a mother's place to him.

Capt. Fred Knight, of Chatham, led the funeral services assisted by the corps officers, Capt. Matheson and Lieut. Winchester. We gave him a real Army funeral, and we believe that God spoke to many hearts who gathered around that open grave. Our prayer is that someone will soon step into the breach in our ranks, and as faithfully as our departed brother, serve our living Lord.

—W. S.

PICKLES.

"I have multiplied visions, and have used similitudes."—Hosea xii. 10.

Spend not your days at the cobwebs, but destroy the spider.

Count it not waste of time to sharpen the tools that you work with.

Many a man stumbles just because his head is bigger than his feet can carry.

One reason that people travel so slow to heaven is, they stop at the valley of humiliation and try to invent a flying machine to cross over the heights of grace with.

Does a clean soul live in a dirty man? or a clean man in a dirty house?

Some "Jacks" think they are as good as their master. That's why they are in constant grief about other people not thinking so.

It is well to "cure for your brother," but while you're walking by his side and are keeping a continual "eye" on him, lest he stumble, you yourself may put your foot in the snare.

When a frog reaches the top of a tree he may think he is above the whole world, and yet, oh, how far he is from being where the eagle soars. Moral: Learn to know the extent of your misunderstanding.

H. Kreiger, Lieut.

South America.

Brigadier F. W. Pearce, of the Argentine Republic is going through the country on the five weeks' tour with a graphophone, everywhere attracting a good many people.

At Santa Fe our hall is crowded every night by people anxious to hear our officers.

Ref

I am feeling better for some days past. My health is a little on the landscape, change the outlook, and valleys, and around, but it renders them stilling, and beautiful, which God is pleased, dering laborers appear more blessed, and smiles and disappointment and sorrow, extra bodily vigor measure of those over accompany

Rough

I have had a good and down on the land in a storm. wild commotion, at the wharf an fixed for her departure officers in charge, their they should ocean or not. At was given, the moon away we went, I pluck. I naturally, especially do I see Salvationists. Not my heart more the difficulties and don't out the purpose Army, and save the off the sea the to wind blew a hurrying accompaniment to it seemed as though clean over, and I again. We were in Furl, where we to zulu across the train for Geneva

Slow R

The outward toward an end on the following hospitable home of our oldest and friends; but the (I) used throughout slow progress the snakes on the Com where, the world trial in me, and I who cared about and the salvation these great elites his own way with but there is nothing pushing ahead. When the American looking darkest at the Northern States peering to be made efforts were being Lincoln was asked in view of the gloom He replied, "THEY IT HUR TO KIDNEY That course was for away. Blood and forth without mous won, the slaves Union was secured, some course, and it we shall have a beyond the most at Comrades, you must

Better o

If not so rapid as progress is being made My Geneva visit. Not only were my sisterly, but so were left, when thirty penitent form. Dash followed with and results. Every "Red Cross" there n door, and all that things are officers a dash in, determined costs.

Two years ago a who had lost fort hope through intoxi Geneva. Here, no a dition, some friends Total Abstinence Plu it over and observing him to abstain "by reasoned, "How can help a man who is rebellion as I am despair. Twelve mo my visit to that city to mar, and although the topic of our "he heard enough to show life and strength i phone, ever to him, solved to try this himself to the mercer made a new creati months walking with turned to Russia, fr

Reflections.....

By

THE GENERAL.

Bern, December 10th.

I am feeling better this morning than for some days past. What a marvellous thing health is! It is like the sunshine on the landscape. It does not make or change the outward form of the hills, and valleys, and streams, and trees around; but it lights them up and renders them still more visible, interesting, and beautiful. So the success with which God is pleased to attend my wandering labors appears this morning still more blessed, and the every-day difficulties and disappointments more endurable and surmountable, with a little extra bodily vigor, and an increased measure of those animal spirits which over accompany good health.

Rough Weather.

I have had a good deal of toiling up and down on this campaign. I left England in a storm. The Channel was in wild commotion, and our steamer lay at the wharf an hour after the time fixed for her departure, as though the officers in charge were hesitating whether they should venture on the stormy ocean or not. At length, the command was given, the moorings were loosed, and away we went. I admired the captain's pluck. I always appreciate courage. Especially do I admire that quality in Salvationists. Nothing endears them to my heart more than the brave facing of difficulties and dangers in order to carry out the purpose of God, push the Army, and save the souls of men. But off the sea the tossing continued. The wind blew a hurricane, and howled in accompaniment to every blast. At times it seemed as though the train would go clean over, and then it fairly jumped again. We were an hour and a-half late in Paris, where we had only just time to gallop across the city, and save our train for Geneva by three minutes.

Slow Progress.

The outward toiling, however, came to an end on the following morning in the hospitable home of Madame Gengen, one of our oldest and most generous Geneva friends; but the inward agitation continued throughout the campaign. The slow progress the work of salvation makes on the Continent—indeed, everywhere, the world over—is a constant trial in me, and must be to everybody who cares about the honor of Christ and the salvation of men. All through these great cities Satan seems to have his own way without let or hindrance, but there is nothing for it but to keep pushing ahead.

When the American Civil War was looking darkest and most difficult for the Northern States, little progress appearing to be made, although immense efforts were being put forth, President Lincoln was asked what was to be done in view of the gloomy aspect of things. He replied, "THERE'S NOTHING FOR IT BUT TO KEEP PEGGING AWAY." That course was followed. They pegged away. Blood and treasure were poured forth without measure; the victory was won, the slaves were freed, and the Union was secured. We must follow the same course, and if we do it as vigorously we shall have a triumph that will be beyond the most sanguine expectations; comrades, you must keep away.

Better on Before.

If not so rapid as we could wish, some progress is being made in Switzerland. My Geneva visit was a real victory. Not only were my meetings perfectly orderly, but so were those held after I left, when thirty more came to the penitential form. Basle, Zurich and Bern have followed with encouraging crowds and results. Everywhere now under the "Red Cross" there appears to be an open door, and all that is wanted for mighty things are officers and soldiers who will dash in, determined to have souls at all costs.

Two years ago a Russian gentleman who had lost fortune, reputation and hope through intemperate drink, came to Geneva. Here, as a remedy for his condition, some friends offered him the Total Abstinence Pledge, but, on receiving it over and observing that it committed him to abstain "by the help of God," he reasoned, "How can I hope that God will help a man who is living such a life of rebellion as I am?" He sunk into despair. Twelve months ago, hearing of my visit to that city, he came to listen to me, and although I had devoted the topic of our "Social Operations," he heard enough to show that God gave new life and strength to those who gave themselves to try this wonderful plan, trusted himself to the mercy of God; and was made a new creature. After twelve months walking with God, he has returned to Russia, from whence he writes

to say that he is being kept by Divine Grace, and hoping soon to see the advent of the Army to his native country.

"Come Over and Help Us!"

In these cities I am constantly receiving invitations to send officers to the eastern nations of Europe. In Bulgaria and Roumania I am over and over again assured that we should receive a hearty welcome, find perfect liberty and reap a glorious harvest. Take the following story about Hungary.

Some five years ago a Hungarian gentleman came to England on some kind of business, whether political or commercial I do not know. Among other things that interested him in London, nothing aroused his curiosity, or took a more powerful hold of his sympathies than the Salvation Army. He attended the meetings, read the literature, enquired as to our history, and finally came to the conclusion that the Army was the very thing needed by, and calculated to bless, his native country.

He had a dear friend at home, a doctor, in the employ of the Government, and to him he wrote from time to time his impressions, and on his return to Hungary he gave him the further information he had obtained, and made

went about making people good, was so much impressed that he wrote to Berlin for full information.

After reading the papers sent him, he came to the conclusion that the Army was just the sort of thing needed in Breslau, and at once pressed that officers might be sent to establish it.

But, alas! no officers were on hand; so he wrote and wrote again, until Commissioner McKie told him to get to work himself selling War Cries, and to look for a hall. He soon sold fifty Crys per week, and found a hall. Officers were sent, and at the first meeting a young woman got saved, who, with him, became a candidate. They are now both officers, and to-day we have in Breslau seven corps, and three in the immediate district, making ten corps, which are the outcome of that young man's consecration.

The Juniors Again.

But all this points to the crying need for officers. Hungary, Roumania, Bulgaria, and the unoccupied portions of the Territories where we are at work all cry out.

"Officers! Officers! Officers!"

And when I hear these appeals, my heart instinctively turns to the Juniors. There is the unlimited supply, and if watched over and trained, these are the world's conquerors for the future. The following little letter sent to the Chief-of-the-Staff, tells its own story. Oh, let us encourage and guide the fire that is burning in the breasts of thousands of the young

of the best of my life. Oh, what tenderness of spirit, what earnestness of desire, what longing for the fulness of salvation! God bless those dear officers! God bless Switzerland! Brigadiers Boussett and Haarmann have a great and glorious responsibility before them. I pray that they may have the determination, the enterprise, the wisdom, and the fire that they need. The Army has now a fair and open field before it. Angels, devils, and the General are wondering whether it will be taken advantage of. Dear comrades, officers, and soldiers, my prayers are for you and my sympathies are with you. I hope to meet you again on the Swiss battlefield.

Brother Webb, Galt.

Color-Sergt. William Webb, whose life sketch appeared some time ago in the War Cry, was promoted to Glory on the morning of Dec. 22nd, peacefully, after having suffered with bronchitis for several months, at the age of seventy-nine. He leaves a widow and six children—three sons and three daughters.

The Galt Reporter referred to the decease of our comrade in the following words:

The late William Webb was born in Manchester, Eng., on the 17th of January, 1820. On the 15th of October, 1852, he enlisted in Her Majesty's service at Ashton Underlyne, in the 20th regiment, and served with that famous regiment until the year 1861, when he was honorably discharged. He went through the Crimea War and the Indian Mutiny, being in the following notable engagements: Alma, Balaclava, Inkerman, Sebastopol; Indian actions, Chander, Sultanpore, the fall of Lucknow, Almorah, Ferozshah, Fyzabad, Rungjere, Nepal, and two general actions under the Nepal Hills under Prince Gunga before Terai. His discharge, which was received on the 21st of January, 1861, reads as follows:

"These are to certify that No. 1724, Corporal William Webb, born in the Parish of Manchester, in or near the town of Manchester, in the County of Lancashire, was enlisted in Her Majesty's 20th regiment on the 15th of October, 1852, at the age of 31 years; that he has served in the army for 21 years and 43 days. He is discharged as an Indulgence at his own request, free, with pension, after 21 years' service. Authority dated Horse Guards, 21st January, 1861. Signed, W. J. Phillips, commanding officer Second Department First Battalion, 8th day of February, 1861."

"Horse Guards, 26th Feb., 1861. Discharge of Corporal William Webb. Signed, R. W. Pearson, D. A. A. G. "Conduct good. He is in possession of two good conduct badges, also a Crimean medal and three clasps, India war medal and clasp for Lucknow, and is entitled to Turkish war medal."

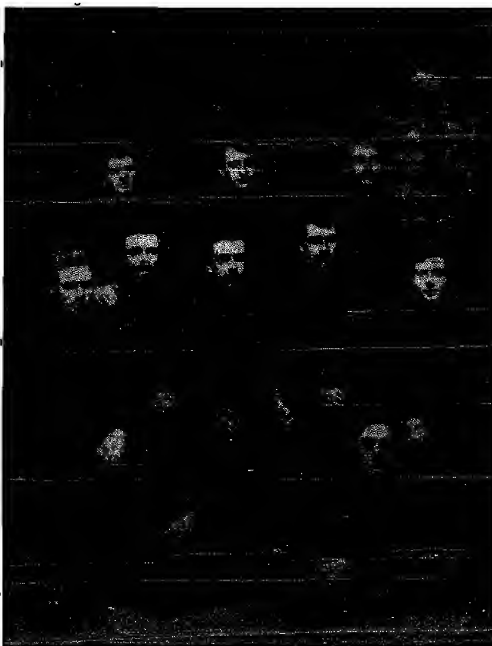
It is worthy of mention that he received his Crimean medal from the hands of Her Majesty Queen Victoria herself, who remarked as she presented it to him that if ever she could do anything for him, or the few who were left of the 20th regiment, she would be pleased to do it. Mr. Webb, in referring to the incident, has frequently said that it was harder for him to stand up before his Queen, than to stand up before the guns of an enemy.

Shortly after receiving his discharge, about 31 years ago, Mr. Webb came to this country with his wife and family, and settled in Baden, afterwards moving to New Hamburg, and about eight years ago to Galt. He was a stationary engineer by trade, and worked at his calling in Baden and New Hamburg. Since coming to Galt he has lived practically a retired life.

The deceased, needless to say, was a very entertaining conversationalist on subjects relating to British military life. He was one of those ardent natures that take up with interest whatever they go into. Not only was he an enthusiastic military man, but of late years he was a very active member of the Salvation Army, and at their meetings frequently rehearsed some incidents of personal experience from which he drew lessons of impressive spiritual truth. His religious soul was of a manly, unselfish sort.

Commissioner Lucy Booth-Holmes, though in poor health, has started on a visiting tour, commencing by attending to two weddings of Staff Officers.

During October, 6250 persons have availed themselves of the great advantages offered by the Salvation Army Hotelierie Populaire, at Paris, that is to say 233 more than during the preceding month. The Hotelierie is a large boarding house, conducted by the Army on Christian basis, whose existence was much needed for the moral and material comfort of the working people of the capital of France.



ENSIGN FLETCHER AND CADETS OF TORONTO MEN'S TRAINING GARRISON.

him promise to assist him in securing the introduction of the Army. A little time afterwards, however, he died; but on his deathbed he made the doctor promise that he would never rest until he got the Army established there.

Two years passed and nothing was done. The doctor had a good position. He felt that he could do nothing unless he gave it up. Naturally, he hesitated, but the memory of the pledge to his dying friend haunted him, and at last he came to the decision to fulfill his vow. A few days ago he wrote to Berlin to say that he was willing to throw up his berth, and if we will send officers, or show him how to go about it, he will give his life up to the task. Hungary, he has decided, shall have the Salvation Army.

How We Stand.

Last September twelve months some Salvationists strayed into the city of Breslau, and to a small meeting described the character and work of the Army. Amongst those present was a young man who, on hearing about this new sect that

people around us! To understand this note, it may be necessary to say that a little time back the age of admission for Corps Cadets was raised from twelve to thirteen.

"Dear Chief—I just want to tell you that I want to be a Corps Cadet, but I can't, you see, because I am not yet thirteen. Now, I don't think it is quite fair to change the age, for when I was eleven years old I could be a Corps Cadet when I was twelve, but just before I was twelve they raised the age to thirteen. Now I shall have to wait nearly seven months. Well, don't you think you could allow me to be a Corps Cadet now? I wear full uniform, and have done so for about eight years. I do not think the extra training would do me no harm, do you? My brother is a Corps Cadet and I want to be one too. I shall wait patiently for an answer, but do not let it be long in coming, please—I am, yours obediently."

The Future.

The officers' meetings have been very interesting. The last, at Zurich, was one

angel, and he exhorted him to do their share in carrying to the unenlightened, in on behalf of the work was close of the Brigadiers' address which Mayor Cole and Mr. nson were called upon for both spoke briefly in com- of the good work done by n Army, their remarks being lauded.

Over Jordan.

HUNGAN, CAMPBELLTON, N.B.

I have been saddened by the beloved comrade, Albert Duncan, who was promoted to Glory from the ranks of the Salvation Army, in Campbellton, on Nov. 22nd. For over eight years Bro. Duncan has been a faithful soldier, and as long as health and strength permitted, he was in his

on the march and platform, to testify to what Jesus had done. Although very young, he had his heart to the Lord, he was much of him, and he has that he was saved just in

bling over a year he has been he was only in bed a little week. Consumption had laid its hand upon him, and, he would realize the fact, he had did not know that death was it, praise the Lord, he was safely as one going to sleep, vent to be with Jesus. Our sympathies and prayers are with relatives. Especially do we with his dear old grand- has long filled a mother's

d Knight, of Chatham, Isl services assisted by the corps d. Matheson and Lieut. Vin- gave him a real Army t we believe that God spoke words who gathered around grave. Our prayer is that it soon step into the breach be, and us faithfully as we ther, serve our living Lord.

PICKLES.

undiplomatic visions . . . and of similitude."—Jensen XII, 10.

t your days at the rainbow, the spider.

not waste of time in sharpen but you work with.

mon stumbles just because his ger than his feet can carry.

on that people travel so slow is, they stop at the valley of y and try to invent a flying a cross over the heights of

lean soul live in a dirty man? man in a dirty house?

icks" think they are as good nter. That's why they are in rief about other people not o.

I to "care for your brother," you're walking by his side ceeding a continual "eye" on he stumble, you yourself may out in the shade.

frog reaches the top of a tree hink he is above the whole t yet, oh, how far is he from e eagle's hour. Moral: now the extent of your under- H. Kreiger, Lieut.

ath America.

r F. W. Pearce, of the Argon- tic is going through the coun- week's tour with a graph- everywhere attracting a good ple.

I Fe our hall is crowded every people anxious to hear our

OFFICIAL NOTICE.

The Juniors' Week.

The Field Commissioner has decided to set apart Feb. 15th to Feb. 18th, for the purpose of conducting a Special Campaign on behalf of the Junior Branch of the Army. All the Senior forces will engage in THE JUNIORS' WEEK. Provincial and District Officers and others will please arrange to have the aforementioned dates left free from other extraordinary efforts. Special instructions governing THE JUNIORS' WEEK will be issued shortly.

(Signed) J. E. MARGETTS,
Territorial Secretary.



Self-Denial Victory.

Brigadier Howell, of the far-off Pacific Province, has been the first Provincial Officer who has made his complete S.-D. returns to Headquarters, which was the splendid achievement of \$130 over his target. Major Southall has, with consistency, followed up his record of many triumphs in 1898, by going \$250 above the W. O. P. target, and raising the magnificent sum of \$3,750 in his domain. We lift our caps in due honor to Major Southall and his plucky officers. The remaining Provinces have not yet completed their returns, but from all indications it may safely be claimed that the Territorial Target will be reached, to say the least, and it is very probable, will be gone over. This information will certainly produce profound gratitude in the heart of every true soldier, whose dearest interest is centred in the spreading of the S. A. war into every dark corner of the globe.

Daisy.

Limitation of space prevented us to print with the Temperance Address of the Field Commissioner one of the stories with which she so forcibly illustrated her pronouncement against the drink traffic, but being especially requested, Miss Booth has consented to have the incident printed in this edition. To produce the wonderful effect of "Daisy" did upon that vast crowd in the Pavilion, one must hear Miss Booth tell it in her own characteristic manner, and intonation, but even to those who were not present at the meeting when the story was related, will it prove of interest, and strengthen every tender and pure emotion.

Our J. S. Lesson.

Readers in general and J. S. workers in particular will notice that we have discontinued to reprint the weekly lesson from the J. S. Manual. This reprint ceased to be of importance with the better distribution of the J. S. Manual, which is, or ought to be, in the hand of every company leader. In place of these outline lessons, we shall have brief sketches of various qualified writers, which articles will form not only interesting and instructive reading for soldiers and friends, but also may be used with benefit in the more advanced companies, or in our young people's classes. We shall commence the first of such lessons next week.

If you find a good many faults, be on the lookout; but if you want to find them in unlimited quantities, be on the look in.



By Field Commissioner Miss Booth.

DAISY by name, and daisy indeed in form—a daisy in a slum perhaps, but all the same a daisy, despite the pinched features, pale cheek, ragged frock and naked feet. She darts up the rickety stairway of the drunkard's home, and to the pale-faced mother, who plied her needle and thread until the early hours of the morning, holds up a bunch of faded flowers; and cries, "Look, mother, now I can sell them for something for you for supper." The little bare head and naked feet stand a long time in the biting wind of the winter's night, but no one buys. At last a well dressed man, to the delight of the child, asks:

"And what do you expect to get for that faded nosegay, little one?"

"Whatever you like to give, sir."

The heart of the purchaser, evidently touched by the pitiful, appealing glance of the eyes uplifted, gives ten cents, and a looker-on might have thought that the breath of the night had caught the child for the speed with which she passed down the street. It was the little silver coin the tiny fingers had clasped, and too excited to retain her joy, immediately on reaching the wretched home, calls out as she climbs the rickety stairs:

"Oh, mother, mother, ten cents, a gentleman gave it me—for the flowers—I have sold them. Look, mother,"—holding up the coin—"all shining."

Unfortunately the father is there, has heard the words "ten cents," demands that the money is given him; the child crouches with horror behind the door of the garret.

"Give me that money," cries the father.

"No! no!" screams the child, "I have got it for mamma. It's to buy her something to eat. I've got it—it's my own, for mamma."

The man, enraged with drunken fury, saying, "I'll teach you to keep money from your father," lifts up his foot—a man's foot—with a boot on—a man's boot, and kicks the little figure against the opposite wall of the garret, which is splashed with her blood. He snatches the coin from the now unconscious fingers, and the monster of brutality stumbles downstairs, heedless of where his heavy boot has fallen, into the nearest saloon. He turns just as the man behind the bar is saying:

"Why, you might have thought the little un had got wings fixed on there and then; she simply flew, bare feet too; it 'twern't the flowers, you know; there no worth," pointing to the faded bunch lying on the bar; "but 'twere just to give her sompin; I tell yer, now, I wish I'd given her more; she looked so pitiful and hungry, too—I believe she said her mother was

sick; anyway, I never saw feet run like those little uns; I can't get the sight on her out of me eyes!"

The drunken father stayed no longer to hear more of the conversation, but turned conscience-stricken into the street. Just at that moment the throb of an Army drum and the ringing strains of cornets attracted attention. Not knowing whither to go he follows the procession into the barracks; the meeting goes on; somebody talks to him; somebody prays with him; somebody cries over him; and while they sing:

*All the waters of the sea cannot wash my sins away,
But Thy precious blood can do the deed to-day;
Jesus, Jesus, while all my sins I grieve,
Thou canst receive me and cleanse, I believe*

The man gets soundly converted; he hurries home up the stairs, tells his wife the story. He is never going to drink any more, he says. With tears in the woman's eyes, scarcely knowing whether to believe it, she says, "Hush," and points to the little heap of rags and whiteness on the bed. The only color there was the heavy blood-stains on the brow.

"Oh, my God, have I killed her!" the man gasped.

"No, but you have kicked her eye out."

The marble-like figure stirred. "Oh, is that you, papa. Come here to me, papa; I am not dead, and I'm not sleeping, I have heard all you've said to mamma. Oh, I'm so glad you've made good, papa. I don't mind loosing my eye, if you'll only be good and good to mamma. I would loose my two eyes to make you good."

The tall figure of the man went down in a heap at the child's side, and the two little arms blindly feeling, found their way round his neck.

"Papa," she asked, "could you sing one of the hymns they sing where they have those bright meetings?"

"Oh, Daisy, I can't sing; I don't know any good songs. I don't know nothing good yet."

"Well, could you just put your arm round me, papa? you know, like you never did, and hold me up and I will sing." The rough arm, unaccustomed to expressions of affection or tenderness, held up the little form, and the weak, trembling voice, with many quivers from darts of pain rang through the garret:

*There is a better world, they say, Oh, so bright!
Where sin and we are none away, Oh, so bright!
There sin is: fits the halcyon air,
And angels with bright wings are there,
And harps of gold, and mansions fair, Oh, so bright.*

and an angel kissing the cheek, bore the little spirit to the land of which the child did speak while the broken-hearted father poured on the face cold in death, the hot and passionate kisses that should have been given in life—the little darling did give her two eyes and the gift thrust open the flood gates of parental affection and let loose the rivers of redeeming grace.



Home Once More,

OR,
THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN.

BY THE GENERAL.

H E ought not to have gone. I am not familiar with his case, but I have known so many hundreds of similar ones that I think I can describe it pretty accurately. So I start off by saying that it was a thousand pities that he took the course he did in going away from home, and God, and all the blessings that were his portion.

What a misfortune it is that Prodigals and wrong-doers cannot see a little further as to the consequences of their foolish conduct! Everybody else knew how the thing would turn out; he was as blind as a bat, fell into a passion, and refused to be either advised or prayed with, and went off in anything but an agreeable temper.

It was a cruel business for his father and mother. But I am sorry to say young people nowadays seem to think less and less of their obligations to their parents—that is, when their own gratifications come in the way. When God says, "Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee," He means just that, neither more nor less; and I believe that He fulfils the promise annexed to the command where it is obeyed: and when young folks unrighteously set their parents at naught, they must look out for the consequences. But, alas! how few Prodigals stop to think of the anguish they are inflicting on the hearts of the dear ones who have toiled for their welfare with such absorbing care for so many years gone by!

I read of a mother, a little time back, whose son went away, without any explanation, when he was twenty years of age. The family lived in the country, and every night before retiring to rest, the anxious mother opened the door that was ever kept on the latch, and peered out into the darkness, while every morning she ascended a little hill near her cottage to see if there was any signs of the wandering boy.

Oh, the miseries the Prodigals make!—miseries of all description. "Ah," said a Prodigal, the other night, "The General has been talking about murderers! Am I not a murderer? Would not my sister, who lies cold in her grave to-night, be alive and walking about, but for my conduct? And would not my brother, who is shut up in a Lunatic Asylum, be free and in his right mind to-day, had I acted differently?"

Oh! the miseries the Prodigals make for themselves! Look at the young man sketched in the picture. What hunger, and cold, and misery are behind him! And, what is far more serious, what marks of sin and vice are to be traced in his countenance! **HIS SIN HAS FOUND HIM OUT!**

Oh! what a memory of his dark doings there is in God's book, unless it has been blotted out by the infinite merits of Christ's precious Blood. Oh! where else has he been, and who else has he wronged and ruined on his wanderings? What time he has lost, what talent he has abused, what money he has squandered, what reputation he has destroyed, what disgrace he has brought on those whose name he bears, and how near he has been to the gates of Hell! How truly he has wasted his substance in riotous living!

I don't know how it happened with this young man—that is, the leaving of his home—but I know how it too often comes about with others. Wanderers from home and deserters of God very strongly resemble each other; they belong to the

same family, and their backslidings usually proceed from very similar causes—and, alas! too often lead to the same bitter end.

I say I don't know what led up to the rupture in this particular case. Doubtless the lad had some grievance—or, at least, he thought he had. Runaways commonly have. When people have been led off into some wrong action, or made up their minds to some departure from duty, they are poor creatures. Indeed, if they cannot contrive to vilify the loved ones whose hearts they are breaking, or invent some objection to the cause they are deserting as an excuse for leaving it.

As with Prodigals in particular, so with backsliders in general—the reasons given for their conduct are usually very miserable ones. I suppose the devil, who was the first prodigal in the universe, tried to make up some sort of justification for his hellish rebellion; and we know that Adam and Eve had their excuses pat enough, and all, or nearly all, who have followed them on the same doleful track, have carefully copied their example. As to the true reasons they will differ. Sometimes it is rebellion against restraint, or attachment to some forbidden sin, or the influence of evil companions, or it may be pride, or conceit, or bad temper; anyway, whatever reasons may have led to the desertion of God or home, they all spring from the ugly root of selfishness, which finds expression in the sentence, "I want to be free and to do what I like, to get away from the reproaches of good people, and to be the master, or the mistress, of my own destiny."

Well, it was a bad affair, and, poor fellow! he sees it now. Sinners of all sorts are blind, and none are so blind as those who have once walked in the light. If the light that is in a man ever becomes darkness, how great is that darkness! Oh, the blindness of the Prodigal!

He has come into the light now, and has come home into the bargain. Hallelujah! If I had not been thrown among so many prodigals, and had so many fights with backsliders, I should be tremendously puzzled by the conduct of the Prodigal, whose case is set forth by the Master. Why did HE not at once go home when he came to be in want? He knew there was plenty there and to spare—anyway, for him. But, instead of going home, he went and hired himself to a pig-dealer in the slums of Samaritan city—surely the most hateful employment in which any Israelite could possibly engage!

And why are backsliders and prodigals in general so reluctant to go home in our day? They light the Penitent-Form and the dear Officers and Soldiers who struggle for them. No doubt the devil with all his might withholds the first thought of returning, and brings out all his old stock arguments to prevent it; works on their sense of shame, and raises such questions in their hearts as, "What will the Captain say?" "You'll never be able to stand." "You had better hang yourself, as Judas did, or drown yourself, if you prefer it?"

I suppose our friend in the illustration, like the rest, fought his convictions after this fashion—refusing to read his mother's letters, or take any notice of his father's offers to welcome him home, and every other method of God and man that was at work to bring him back.

However, he has given in, gone down, and come home at last. So we will not upbraid him. No, not a single hard word

shall he hear. All's well that ends well, and it is a lovely ending, or rather a new beginning, to see him with tears in his eyes, his heart heaving and his hand twitching to get them round father's and mother's necks once more.

OH, THE JOY OF THE PRODIGAL'S RETURN! Oh, the bliss of reconciliation! Who can describe the ecstasy of that first embrace—the rapture of realising that he is forgiven, cleansed, clothed, housed, filled with love, and home once more!

But it is not every Prodigal that has a father and mother to receive him. Alas! how many parents there are who never on earth see the boy or girl again so long pined after, and whose return they have so often anticipated. Down to the grave they travel with weary feet without this comfort, and when the wanderers come back it is to find the old house vacant, or occupied by strangers, and the loved ones, who have wept and prayed so long, lying in the cold, dark cemetery. No merry-making for them, no aloha for their feet, no ring for their finger, no fatted-calf festivities, with music and dancing, to welcome them back again!

But many a Prodigal won by the Salvation Army from the far country never had a place that he could call home; and many another never had a home that he cared to see again, except to carry there the message of that mercy which, with such healing wings, had come to him.

No, you will hear them say, "I never had a home. The room in which I ate and slept, and learned to swear and drink, was to me as the entrance to hell. It was a passage to a bottomless pit, and about the straightest cut that could be taken to that dreadful abode. No home tempts me back."

But, dear brother or sister, if no father, or mother, or husband, or wife pines for you; if no homelike door is kept on the latch to admit you, the gates of the Salvation Army stand wide open day and night to welcome your return, so—

1. COME HOME TO A WELCOME IN THE AFFECTION OF THE GOOD AND TRUE IN EVERY LAND; ANYWAY, TO THE OFFICERS AND SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

2. COME HOME TO A WELCOME BACK TO YOUR BROTHER AND SISTER SOLDIERS IN THE RANKS YOU DESERTED. WHY DID YOU LEAVE US?

3. COME HOME TO A WELCOME IN THE HEART OF THE ALMIGHTY. He is continually saying, "Come unto Me, all ye that are weary and heavy laden, and I will give you rest." When I was in Canada, a judge of some prominence, presiding at one of the Social meetings, told the following story. "A girl belonging to a good family, was led astray and abandoned in a very heartless manner. The sorrow that overtook her broke her heart and brought her to the gates of death. When the doctor told her there was no hope, a strong craving took possession of her to die in the old home. She appealed to her father by letter, but in vain. At length she resolved to try what personal appeal would do, and presented herself at the door, thinking that he could not refuse to see her, and that, seeing her so ill, he would relent. But she was mistaken. When announced, he simply denied her admission. The servants told him that she was dying, to which he responded that she might die, but she could not die under his roof. That night she did die, for she went to the river and drowned herself." Oh, Prodigal, your Heavenly Father will not send you away. Come now and knock, and the door shall be opened to you. Him that cometh He will in no wise cast out.

4. HE WILL BE WELCOME TO A HOME INSIDE THE GOLDEN GATES. I was reading of a negro, the other day, who was rejoicing because his Saviour was a carpenter, and, when asked the reason, said He would know how to build him a mansion in the land on high. There can be no question about our Lord's ability to prepare our Heavenly

Home. The mansion will be ready, and none will be more welcome to it than the poor, battered, sin-stained Prodigal, if he has been washed and sanctified and made obedient through the Blood of the Lamb. He may sing with confidence:

"I have a home above,
Not made with mortal hands;
And firm as my Redeemer's love
The Heavenly fabric stands.
It stands securely high,
Unalterably sure;
That Heavenly mansion in the sky
Shall evermore endure."

BRIGADIER AND MRS. PUGMIRE AT ST. JOHN AND CARLETON.

On Thursday the Brigadier was announced to give a lecture on "50,000 miles by land and sea," in the interests of the Self-Denial fund at No. 1. A good crowd assembled, and although the Brigadier had given a lecture the night previous at Moncton on the Social and Spiritual Work of the Army, and had but just arrived in the city about an hour before the meeting, weary and tired, yet he spoke for more than an hour of his travels by land and sea, in England, America, and Canada, carrying the audience completely with him.

Sunday afternoon and night were spent at Carleton, and although the work has been a little hard there in the past, the Brigadier found things in good shape, the soldiers in the best of spirits, and had assurances that their Self-Denial target was all right. It was quite cheering. Both afternoon and night good crowds came. At night fresh seals had to be brought into requisition until the barracks were filled to the doors with an exceptionally good, intelligent crowd of Carleton citizens. Mrs. Pugmire assisted, her singing with the Brigadier is always a special feature of the meetings. The Brigadier appealed both afternoon and night especially to the backsliders, from the words, "Oh, that I were as in days gone by," and

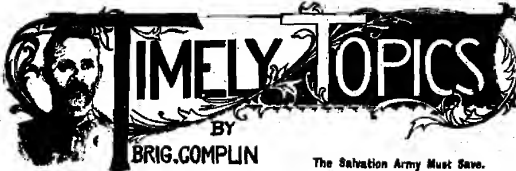
"Adam, Where Art Thou?"

He brought before them the great number of hiding places backsliders and sinners have to-day, hiding behind their own weakness, their circumstances, etc., etc., showing them the folly of the same in an earnest practical manner. One backslider returned to the fold.

A minister and a couple of outside Christian friends assisted in the prayer meeting. The majority of the people stayed until the finish late at night. The collections were more than doubling the ordinary. The Brigadier made an appeal for the winter's coal, which was readily responded to, and the Carleton soldiers showed their appreciation of their Provincial Officer's visit—Red Riding Hood.

GENEROUS SUPPORTERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

The world-wide operations of the Salvation Army, both spiritual and social, have of late made such an advance and impression on the different countries and islands of the sea where its flag flies, that it has enlisted much of the practical sympathy and support of several influential statesmen, Government officials of high standing, rulers and legislators. In Australia it was only lately that His Excellency Lord Brassey and Lady Brassey, Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Lord Ranfurly, Hon. Dr. Cockburn, Agent General and Premier of South Australia, Hon. T. G. Jenkins, Premier, G. Reid, M. L. A., and Sir John Madden in mammoth the meetings held in the Melbourne Town Hall in Sydney, Adelaide and elsewhere, spoke in eulogistic terms and feeling sympathy was expressed of the work done by the Salvation Army; while the Governor of New Zealand opened the Self-Denial sale last year at Christchurch. In South Africa Sir James Sivernight a few months ago, presided at a Social meeting in Cape Town and liberally supported the Self-Denial fund. President Kruger, of the Transvaal, is a warm friend and helps the work there. On the other side of the world we see President McKinley expressing his appreciation and tending support, while President Dais, of Mexico, wrote to Commander Booth-Tucker promising him help if the Army opened up work in his republic. Governor Magnus Stephensen, of Iceland, is another supporter of the Army's Social work, and there are several others, rulers of Governments and empires, are equally unanimous in their love and help. Here in Ceylon, His Excellency Sir West Ridgeway, a very generously contributed towards the Self-Denial fund last and this year. These facts go to prove the appreciation and usefulness of this world-wide organisation.—From the Ceylon Independent.



No. 1. ORGANIZATION.

"Said England unto Egypt, I must make a man of you
So she sent old Pharaoh Sergeant What's-a-name."
—Kipling.

A Word with a History.

OMDURMAN is henceforth a word with a history, and "KITCHENER OF KHARPOUM" is the lion of the British Empire, because he is the central personality in that history.

Madness is dead!

It lived bigoted, intolerant, arbitrary, capricious, bloody, full of crime, but its career was cut short in a awful righteousness and its Judgment Day took place when, with gnashing teeth and tremendous rage, it fell fighting furiously defiant beneath the Khalifa's Black Flag.

Thus was performed the last act in a long drama of unspeakable oppression and misery, and the curtain fell on a heap dotted ten thousand thick with the white-garmented but crushed devotees of a lost Cause.

The Value of Organization and Training.

This mighty deliverance was effected by the instrumentality of an army largely made up of Egyptians, who, but a few years ago, would have been found with right at the sight of a Dervish onslaught, but at Omdurman they faced the fire like veterans, and met the thunderous shock of a Dervish charge led by the Khalifa himself, without flinching.

This was a great contrast to the day when 50 Dervishes swept down upon 200 Egyptian soldiers and exterminated them without the Egyptians daring to strike a blow.

What had made the change? Organization. Discipline. Training. Good leadership. "Sergeant What's-a-name," Kipling writes of, and others, had taken hold of the dispirited, ill-fed, ill-armed, untrained Egyptian army, and re-organized it with this result noticed. What has the Salvation Army to learn from this? THE VALUE OF ITS OWN SYSTEM, AND THE NECESSITY OF APPLYING THAT SYSTEM MORE THOROUGHLY, IN QUICKER RESULTS ARE TO BE SECURED.

What Could We not do with Perfect Organization?

Take, for instance, THE COMING ARMY. What wonders might be wrought for the salvation of this Dominion if more of the best and ablest of our Senior Soldiers were drafted into the children's branch to be leaders there!

What an impulse to salvation fighting amongst us, and holy living amongst the PEOPLE would be given, were every corps so fully organized its comparatively unemployed strength in the work of War Cry distribution to the public.

And what an immeasurable influence for the creation of a revival atmosphere might be brought upon the people—filling our halls and multiplying penitents at the Mercy Seat—were the WARD SYSTEM OF VISITATION, employing the most spiritually mighty people, in the earnest visiting from door to door, in full organized operation.

"We Haven't Got the People?" Haven't We?

But someone may object. "We haven't got the right kind of people." Neither had "Sergeant What's-a-name," but he moulded and manoeuvred the material he had, and so made a better army. WE MUST DO THE SAME. We must not look for perfection—that is a heavenly condition. We must AIM AT BUILDING FROM WHAT WE ARE AND HAVE, TOWARDS THE IDEAL OF WHAT WE DESIRE TO BE.

That officer is most successful who makes and keeps in good working operation the most highly-organized corps; not he who himself does most work.

The business world of the present day, and the history of the activities of past ages, fully illustrate and endorse this view, while the Rules and Regulations of the Salvation Army, direct from the pen of its General repeat and emphasize the same fact.

The Salvation Army Must Save.

Have we a foe to face?
Is there a cruel and intolerant enemy
preying upon the people of this fair land?
Are the little children in danger?
Undoubtedly.

We Salvationists believe in a personal devil—we have not been fighting the air all these years—and under his black flag, Drink, Greed, Pride, Uncleanliness and a big brood of smaller foes lead the van of a ghastly Army of Destruction and Demolition. These, like the Buzgara tribe of Dervishes, prey upon the people. To be true to its name this Army of Salvation must go on saving, and if possible with greater precision and complete conquest.

Unorganized and undisciplined we can do but little. Partially organized we can

do much. Why not aim at COMPLETE ORGANIZATION, involving every MAN, WOMAN AND CHILD IN OUR RANKS IN SOME PERSONAL, DEFINITE, and DIRECT RESPONSIBILITY?

Eastern Chancellor at Carleton.

Major Collier visited Carleton for the afternoon and night of Dec. 4th, and a good time we had. In the afternoon we went down on the wharf, where hundreds of people were gathering to go through the Allan Line Steamer and to view the new elevator. After a good open-air we went back and had a fine meeting inside with a nice crowd present. It is a long time since I have seen as good a crowd as we had at night, and we had splendid results, one young man volunteered and shortly after a sister, who had been a soldier some time ago, came back to God. Another good feature of the meeting was that most of the people remained to the prayer meeting, which is quite a new thing here, as they usually go as soon as the invitation song is sung. We hope a revival will soon break out here, and that during the winter numbers shall come to God.—Densmore.

The Salvation Army.
Composed for the wedding of Miss Adams and Capt. Smith, Dec. 1897.

1. With banners unfurled and with drums loudly beating with heart and soul to
pray, and with hands trained to fight, Through the wide world, Sp...
hosts boldly meeting to march to the fray for the Kingdom of Light!
Sweet singing of praise through a free, full salvation, Loud shouting His praise Whose power makes us strong, To comfort the weary, and
raise up the fallen, the Salvation Army is MARCHING A-LONG!

Words and Music by Mrs. Sims, Temple Corps.

With banners unfurled, and with drums loudly beating,
With hearts taught to pray and with hands trained to fight,
Throughout the wide world Saint's hosts boldly meeting,
We march to the fray for the Kingdom of Light.

Chorus.

Sweet singing of praise through a free, full salvation,
Loud shouting His praise Whose power makes us strong,
To comfort the weary, and raise up the fallen,
THE SALVATION ARMY IS MARCHING A-LONG.

We war with the world and its flesh-pleasing revels,
With hummers of truth, hell's dark strongholds assail;
Our hot shots are hurled at the legions of devils,
Who snare thoughtless youth with sin's soul-charming tale.

Palm priests and false prophets anathemas fling,
Gray foul in the skins of old lions, long dead,
To all sorts of toponyms condemn us, still singing,
"He laughs best who WINS," as we march on AHEAD!

The Blood-and-Fire Brothers and Bonnetted Sisters,
Let Hallelujahs prate to unanswerable walls,
Though canting smoothies and screaming blisters,
Don't waste the KING'S time when some Samsonite sith!

FRED L. H. SIMS, Temple Corps, Toronto.



Weekly Watchword:

KEEP AT IT.

Daily Tonic.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength be with each;
Let not future drudgery elude thee,
Learn thou first what those can teach.

SATURDAY.—WHAT DOING NOTHING
WILL DO.

Ecclesiastes x. 18.

The greatest and most complete failures are not brought about through mistakes, but through inaction. Want of inspection and repair will raise the most substantial building to the ground. Lack of continual labor and conscientious watching will reduce the soul's brightest experience and opportunity to a minimum.

SUNDAY.—IDLENESS A GREAT
WASTE.

Proverbs xvii. 9.

A waste of time—that irremediable, priceless boon, which slips in seconds almost imperceptibly away, and which, when once gone can never return. A waste of talent—those God-given gifts which illumine in greater or lesser degree the minds of all. They were not given for nothing, but that they might, in turn, give again. A waste of God's salvation—the toll of Calvary, the agonies of Gethsemane, are held at a discount by the living of the idle saint.

MONDAY.—SLOTH SPELLS DANGER.

Proverbs xix. 15, vi. 10.

Idleness inevitably induces the soul to sink into a kind of lethargic sleep. When a man goes to sleep and keeps asleep he begins to starve. And the idle wake up when it is too late to feel the unmitigated pangs of soul hunger and taste the dregs of spiritual emaciation. The idle man tempts the devil. While his soul is passive to good it is a prey to evil.

TUESDAY.—IDLENESS FOR SAKE OF
EASE.

Proverbs xx. 4.

There are all too many who would be tillers of spiritual soil, who let the plough of their service lie idle because of some selfish consideration. They have in abundance at the tip of their tongue—it is either too hot or too cold to stum in the open-air, or light the night's battle through. But let such remember that though they may escape the toiling, they will miss the reaping, though they may manage to shirk the fighting, God will not reward a sluggard with victory.

WEDNESDAY.—THE CONSEQUENCES
OF IDLENESS.

Proverbs xxiv. 31.

"Satan finds some mischief still for idle hands to do," says the old proverb. If you are too lazy to sow good deeds, the devil will give you a plentiful harvest of evil influences. No wonder that thorns and thistles cover the sluggard's field—the stone wall was broken down. Idleness will as assuredly leave your own soul defenceless, and exposed to the devil's devices, as it will do away with all the fruitfulness on your field of present opportunity.

THURSDAY.—LEARN FROM THE
LOSS BUT HURRY.

Proverbs vi. 6, 7.

The lower creation made the examples of the higher: To what depths will not idleness reduce a man. Yet true it is that while creatures smaller than man's finger fill up the measure of their destined use, man fritters away golden chances, and by his habits accomplishes less by the aid of his mind than the ant does with its instinct.

FRIDAY.—BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

It is not every one who professes the name of Christ who looks upon service to God in the light of business. There would be a great deal more good done if they did. Undoubtedly men often perform religious duties as if they were play, offering to God a slipshod hilly-massy service, which they would never so endanger their salvation as to offer to their temporal employer. Idleness is the root of this evil. Let your word, your appointment, your conversation be more binding in religion than anything else.

SATURDAY.—INDUSTRY WINS.

The old fable of the hare and the tortoise has its lesson for lazy people. It is generally easier to make a sudden effort than maintain a steady one. But where fleet steps fail, industrious plodding and perseverance carry off the triumph.



The Bridal Wine-Cup.

"Pledge with wine, pledge with wine," cried the thoughtless young sailor, Harvey Wood. "Pledge with wine," ran through the bride's party.

The pretty bride grew pale; the decisive hour had come. She pressed her white hands together, and the leaves of the bridal wreath trembled on her brow; her breath came quicker, and her heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, my noble wife scruples for this once," said the father in a low tone, going towards his daughter; "the company expects it. In your own home do as you please; but in mine, for this once, please ME."

Pouring a brimful cup they held it, with tempting smiles, towards Marion. She was very pale, though composed; and her hand shook not, as smiling back, she gracefully accepted the crystal tumbler, and raised it to her lips. But scarcely had she done so when every hand was arrested by her piercing exclamation of "Oh, how terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all, thronging together, for she had slowly curried the glass at arm's length, and was fixedly regarding it.

"Wait," she answered, while a light, which seemed inspired, shone from her dark eyes—"wait, and I will tell you, I see," she added slowly, pointing one finger at the sparkling ruby liquid, "a sight that beggars all description; and yet, listen! I will point it for you, if I can. It is a lovely spot; tall mountains, crowned with verdure, rise in awful sublimity around; a river runs through, and bright flowers grow to the water's edge. But there a group of Indians gather; they sit to and fro, with something like sorrow upon their dark brows. And in their midst lies a maul form, but his cheek, how dently! his eyes wild with fearful fire and fever. One friend stands before him—may I should say, kneels; for see, he is pillow that poor head upon his breast."

"On! the high, holy-looking brow. Why should death mark it, he is so young? Look, how he throws back the damp curls! See him clasp him hands! Hear his thrilling shrieks for life! Mark how he clutches at the form of his companion, imploring to be saved! Oh, hear him call piteously his father's name, see him twine his fingers together as he shrieks for his sister—his only sister, the twin of his soul—weeping for him in his distant native land."

"See!" she exclaimed, while the bridal party shrank back, the unloved wine trembling in her faltering grasp, and the father fell overpowered upon his seat—"see! his arms are lifted to heaven—he prays—how wildly, for mercy! Hot fever rushes through his veins. He moves not; his eyes are set in their sockets; dim are their piercing glances; in vain his friend whispers the name of father and sister—death is there. Death—and no soft hand, no gentle voice to soothe him. His head sinks back; one convulsive shudder—he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly; so vivid was her description, so unearthly her look, so inspired her manner, that what she described seemed actually to have taken place then and there. They noticed also that the bridegroom hid his face in his hands.

"Dead!" she repeated again, and her lips quivered faster, and her voice more broken; "and there they scoop him a grave; and there, without a shroud, they lay him down in that damp, reeking earth, the only son of a proud father, the only idolized brother of a fond sister. There he lies, my father's son, my own twin brother, a victim of this deadly poison, 'Father!' she exclaimed, turning suddenly, while the tears rained down her cheeks, 'father, shall I drink it now?'"

The form of the father was convulsed with agony. He raised not his head, but in a smothered voice he faltered:

"No, no, my child; no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it was smashed in a thousand pieces. Many a fearful eye watched her movements, and instantaneously every wine glass was transferred to the marble table on which it had been prepared. Then, as she looked at the fragments of crystal, she turned to the company saying, "Let no friend hereafter, who loves me, tempt me to poll my soul for wine. Not firmer God helping me, never to touch or taste the poisonous cup. And he to whom I have given my hand, who watched over my brother's dying form in that last solemn hour, and buried the dear wanderer there by the river in that land of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in this resolve."

His glittering eye, his sad sweet smile, were her answer. The father left the room, when, an hour after, he returned, and with a more subdued manner took part in the entertainment of the bridal guests, no one could fail to read that he had determined to banish the enemy forever from his home.

WESTERN WINGLETS

BY THE T. S.

The dear Lord is good. Through dangers and difficulties He guides and protects His own. One would be ungrateful not to recognize this when reminded that over the distance of six thousand two hundred and seventy miles He has watched over us, keeping us free from harm, while railway and steamboat accidents have abounded, and while snow, and wind, and rain, and storm has been rife. His own eye has seen that during the whole tour a single appointment has not had to be broken through a mishap. In fact, not one serious delay has occurred in the six and a half weeks we have been absent from home.

The writer had, in addition to the multitude of interviews and the pile of correspondence which has been got through, spent sixteen nights on the cars and boats, held fifty-one indoor meetings, attended thirty-nine open-air, inspected fifty-four sets of books, and seen eighty seekers kneel at the Saviour's feet for salvation and purity. God be thanked that he feels all the better in body and soul for the fray.

We bid good-bye to Brigadier Howell after Sunday's meetings at Butte, and were joined next day by Staff-Captain Turner, who accompanied us to the Western limit of the Pacific Province. It was quite a happy, and, I trust, profitable time we spent together.

At Helena, a man who was asked the question, "Will you get saved to-night?" said, "I would like to, but I cannot. The boss has hit my case off, but I should have to do a great deal more than the man he told about." We had been citing a case of restitution, and pointing out that none could be right with God who were not right with man. What a pity that people allow a few small matters to keep them out of the Kingdom of God. Matters which could with very little difficulty be settled. Are you right with your fellow-creatures? If you die to-night, are you right with God?

The Helena Rescue Home is a neat, cozy institution, and though small, will tell what a world of light and blessing it will bring to many whose circumstances are mixed with a great deal more desolation and despair than with cheer and hope. Adjt. Walton and her girls are certainly making herculean efforts to bless and serve such.

Had a fine time at Livingston in the Methodist Episcopal Church, kindly loaned for the occasion. God crowned the effort with five precious souls—interesting, too, they were. Everybody seemed to get near the third heaven towards the finish.

We met Adjt. and Mrs. Dodd at Billings, en route to Spokane. It was a bitter cold night, but the meeting was bright and must result in good. Here we bid adieu to Staff-Capt. Turner and the remnant of our Pacific comrades.

Major McMillan and Adjt. Cass had reached Jamestown a few hours before we landed—time, 5:30 Sunday morning. The night policeman ran us in to the officers' quarters. A rousing time we had here, with one or more souls in each of the five meetings we held—the building being well filled.

Our last innings west was at Fargo. A typical western crowd thronged the building. It was a good meeting. At 9:30 we very reluctantly had to leave Adjt. Cass and Thomas with the officers and soldiers, and a hall still full of people in the midst of a good, red-hot prayer meeting. Major McMillan accompanied us to the east-bound train.

Whatever may be the final result as to the "open door" in the Philippines, about which so much is written and said these days, one thing is certain, both Brigadier Howell and Major McMillan and their forces have a grand "open door" for the Gospel and the Salvation Army among the mighty mass of the "wild boys of the West." God crown them with a mighty sweep of victory and advance during the year now set in.

Just imagine that Mrs. Margetta was on the lookout for her "wandering boy" over ten hours before he arrived, and even then the train being so late, the dear LITTLE folks had to retire and could not see "papa" till morning. But "all's well that ends well."



COLONEL HOLLAND,
National Colonization Secretary, U.S.A.

Great Britain.

From last reports the orders for the Christmas issue of our British contemporary reached the number of 40,000.

The Chief-of-the-Staff followed up the Two Days with God, by a couple of addresses to London Locals of the J. S. war.

Lieut.-Colonel Bates, the International Auditor has returned from his peregrinations.

Commissioner Pollard, Colonel Lawley, and Capt. Barret will form the General's travelling staff during his Australian Campaign.

Colonel Burgess is out of danger, but very weak after his serious illness.

Colonel McAlonan has sailed from South Africa on International business.

Commissioner Higgins was due to arrive back from his latest tour on Dec. 17th.

France and Switzerland.

The General's visit to Geneva has been productive of much after blessing. 35 souls were saved the week after the General left the city. The converts testified bravely, and there was every indication that a definite as well as rich harvest had been reaped from the Campaign.

From Lyons, sometimes called the Manchester of France, the following telegram was received. "Wonderful day! Crowds turned away. Burning enthusiasm. The last day the General has had in France. Going ahead!"

NOTHING TO DO.

Nothing to do! In a world like this,
With thousands around us dying;
Nothing to do! when at every turn
Children for bread are crying.

Nothing to do! while widows weep
O'er those now past returning.
With helpless little lives to keep,
Too little to be earning.

Nothing to do! while men run dice
To spill the blood of brothers;
And on battle plains the wounded boys
Of broken-hearted mothers.

Nothing to do! while the burning tongue
Of him in fever raging,
Cries out for water that could bring
His inward fires assuaging.

Nothing to do! while God's dear love
Is spurned for sake of gold,
And the souls of mourning multitudes
Like cattle, are bought and sold.

Nothing to do! while the drunkard's soul
Reels back to his cheerless home,
And smites the face which once he kissed
And in murder sculps his doom.

Nothing to do! while heathen wait
For words of the better life,
To steal the gloom from eternity,
And end their years of strife.

Nothing to do! Oh, basest lie
Which blurs the lips with curse,
For he who these evil passions by,
Himself shall suffer worse.

Nothing to do! Say wilt thou dare,
With the Judgment Throne in view,
To utter these words of guilt and shame,
"O God, I had nothing to do!"



"LITTLE NAT."

By BRIGADIER COMPLAIN.

CHAPTER VIII.

Nat finds himself the subject of a practical joke, and takes steps to prevent a recurrence of the same.

OLD George Stephenson's revolutionizing steam locomotive was not in existence when the white-haired boy received the letter stating that he must hurry home if he wanted to see Polly alive, but there was the lumbering old stage coach. A journey by stage coach, however, was one which an "improver" could scarcely be expected to find funds for. That kind of travelling was, generally speaking, confined to those whom Nat's ostentatious taught him to regard as "betters," so that Nat, with his small stock of money—he was never a good hand at holding when Polly was out of sight—felt that he must foot it. The journey he seventy miles, but Nat would have walked seventy times seven rather than miss seeing his Polly, so with a singularly heavy heart he started off Northamptonwards.

How he fared on the journey history testifies not, but one can easily imagine little Nat's entry into Northampton, his white hair-like his clothes—discolored by much travel, his gait and general demeanor minus much of the usual vivacity

which snowed itself invariably every twist and turn he took.

Thus wending his way, Nat arrived at her home. Nat caught a glimpse of her. She was blooming and bright-eyed as ever!

"Polly!" he cried.

"Nat!" she ejaculated.

Then there were various physiological contortions and sounds tremendous. When the embracing had subsided there were calls for explanations, but no explanation could be given. Letter writers of that day, and particularly of the kind who wrote Nat, forgot to leave their own signature on the end of their letters, and Nat could get no clue that way, so he was forced to admit to his chagrin, that he had been completely hoaxed. "However," said Nat, summing up in his usual decided way, "I'll have more of this. Polly, will you marry me?" he asked, turning to his sweetheart.

She, after such an exhibition of Nat's love as the foot-weary trip from London afforded, could not refuse, so she gave him one of her pretty little smiles and a demure "Yes," in response, and so it came about that while 17 years of age Nat blossomed into a married man, and

for a time was very happy with his bride elect. The transition was, however, a premature one for Nat. He could not shake off his boyish habits, although he considered himself a man, and it is on record that he often went out to play with the lads and young men of the city when the day's work was over and when Polly, maybe, would have preferred seeing him to the opposite side of the fireplace to herself.

(To be Continued.)

Acknowledgements for London Rescue Home.

Month ending Dec. 1st, 1888.

A friend, £2; Mr. Gabbit, £1; J. S. Williams, 25c; R. K. Cowan, 50c; Sheriff Cameron, 50c; Mr. Hamilton, 50c; J. S. Pearce, 25c; C. Graham, 50c; J. A. Anderson, 25c; W. & W. Gurd, 50c; Colonel Metch, £1; Mrs. Shuff, 25c; Mrs. Escott, 25c; Mrs. Hartman, 25c; S. Wright, 25c; D. Smith, 25c; A friend, 50c; Mrs. Beecher, £2; Mrs. French, 50c; Mrs. Escott, 25c; Bro. Strong, £1; Messrs. Gausson & Jones, 50c; Mr. A. Screaton, 50c; Wm. Wyatt, 25c; Mrs. G. Anderson, 25c; Mr. S. Screaton, £1; King's Daughters, goose, chickens, cake, etc., also infant's clothing; Mrs. Keen, parcel of clothing, toys, coat and child's dress; Mrs. Beattie, parcel of clothing; Mr. McKenzie, soap; A friend, Strathroy, books; A friend, per Mrs. Phillips, jar of fruit; J. B. Mitchell, meat; J. Parks, pork; Geo. Morris, meat; C. A. Morley, meat; Wm. Chapman, meat; A. J. Jilife, meat; Jas. Johnson, meat; Geo. Jackson, meat; R. Mitchell, meat; O. Cannon, meat; Mr. Smith, fish; Mr. Brock, fish; Mr. Opp, fish; Mr. Horner, provisions; Mr. Day, vegetables; A friend, pork; Chances Smith, quince; Walter Thompson, bag of oatmeal; Messrs. E. & J. Hunt, four; Mr. Boomhums, John Fawken, bun; Mr. McCormick, bread; Mr. Perrin, biscuits; Market friends, vegetables weekly; George Marshall, tea; T. E. Esop, fish; A. M. Smith, tea; Mrs. Hutchinson, cocoa.

Pointed Paragraphs.

A faith-filled life is full.

A true man's lips are oracles.

This hour is tied to all other hours.

Only great eyes can see a great life.

When God sends word, He sends success.

He mounts a throne who bends his knees.

The Christian gymnasium is the world's need.

Knock down another's doubts and they drag you own with them.

NEW WHATCOMBE.—Two more souls in the Fountain, and though under the influence of drink, claimed salvation. We have had a splendid soldier's son, and the Juniors had the first chance at the table. We are hoping to say good-bye to our old hall for a brighter and more central one. Whoever has visited New Whatcombe will know what this will mean. Look out for the opening report. Our J. S. are going to take a great part in it.—Arthur Sheard, Capt.

BRIGADIER MRS. READ

will visit the following places on the undermentioned dates:

Montreal, Sat. Sun. Mon. and Tues., Jan. 14, 15, 16 and 17. (Opening of new Women's Shelter.)

St. Albans, Vt. Thurs. Jan. 19.

Burlington, Vt. Fri. Jan. 20.

Barre, Vt. Sat. Sun. and Mon., Jan. 21, 22, 23.

St. Johnsbury, Vt. Tues. Jan. 24.

Newport, Vt. Wed. Jan. 25.

C. S. M. Appointments.

ENSIGN ANDREWS.—Coldwood, Jan. 6; Exbridge, Jan. 7, 8; Fenelon Falls, 9; Kilmount, Jan. 11; Norland, Jan. 12; Coboonk, Jan. 13; Limbury, Jan. 14, 15.

ENSIGN COLLIER.—Wheatley, Jan. 6; Leamington, Jan. 7, 8; Kingsville, Jan. 9; Amherstburg, Jan. 10; Essex, Jan. 11, 12; Windsor, Jan. 13, 14, 15; Staples, Jan. 16; Tilbury, Jan. 17.

ENSIGN FERRY.—Ainslie, Jan. 7, 8; Sackville, Jan. 9; Moncton, Jan. 10.

ENSIGN STAGGERS.—Nelson, B. C. Jan. 6, 7, 8; Kaslo, Jan. 9, 10, 11; Revelstoke, Jan. 12, 13; Kamloops, Jan. 14, 15.



DUNDAS.—Converts in beautifully. Prinske God.—Lieut. M. Davidson, Mitchell.

WESLEYVILLE.—We "story" Target smashed, in the Fountain. The day God be all the glory.—M.

GUELPH.—Last night the path of sin, and prove to save to the uttermost, victory.—L. A. Mathers.

MINOT, N. D.—We are on with Jesus as our wanderer returned to his and received a welcome Capt.

MILLBROOK.—Sunday young man for salvation. Capt. DeWitt goes on laugh. Lieut. O'Neill ho. H. H.

BLAOMFIELD.—Adj. W. burns for a night's meeting out for salvation, never will give in.—Your Batten.

VICTORIA.—Still fighting our best for Self-Defence. we are going to smash out one is looking forward to War Cry.—M. L.

MONTREAL II.—We are on to victory. God is helping us. Self-Defence over target. Are going in for in the future.—W. G. R.

RICHMOND ST.—Another devil's ranks. Sunday salvation. Barnicks packed down sides of building crowd. The Lord is with us.

HUNTSVILLE.—We have good things. God is in ours are giving away to His Spirit. We anticipate Week-end meetings good for salvation.—W. G. W.

HOULTON.—Adj. McL. McGee were with us over during the past week found salvation and their hands for prayer.—Emily Cor.

MOULDEN, Man.—Had 8 with us for week-end, with one for salvation, more out since then. Our increasing—Yours to push M. Kemm.

WINDSOR.—Yesterday clouds, the storm raged all night, but our numbers than usual. It did not a proof invincibles, however, God blessed us all.—Yours Capt.

HALIFAX.—We are 324 smashed, 31st, 8th, Hayward, who have their stand for God, eat them 324. God bless them for victory.—G. P. T.

BARRE, Vt.—During 8 souls have got beautiful spirit of God is at work in sinners. The platform small, so we made it large knee-drill. Crowds good, ing for greater victories.

BLENNHEIM.—Adj. Hug week-end. Beautiful meetings and finances greatly increased. A powerful time. Cry excels any previous a credit to the Army. S. Ima Groom, R. C.

LETHBRIDGE.—Just here. Crowd excellent, grand. Hall packed. Grand fully enjoyed. Final Corps in fair condition. Hunt and her Lieutenant how in make you feel Cummins, P. A.

ST. JOHNSBURG.—We for victory in S. D. In Lieut. Young were not Perrett, a sister of Mrs. net, also a renowned S. are all saved and happy from Capt. Downey. Our delight in the Salvation



DUNDAS.—Converts are coming along beautifully. Prater God victory is ours. —Lieut. M. Donaldson, for Capt. M. Mitchell.

WESLEYVILLE.—We can shout "Victory!" Target smashed. Eleven souls in the Fountain. The devil races, but to God be all the glory.—M. A.

GUELPH.—Last night two souls left the path of sin, and proved God's power to save to the uttermost. We are in for victory.—L. A. Mathers, Capt.

MINOT, N. D.—We are still fighting on with Jesus as our leader. Another wanderer returned to his Father's house and received a welcome.—A. Graham, Capt.

MILLBROOK.—Sunday afternoon, one young man for salvation. Hallelujah! Capt. DeWitt goes on two weeks' furlough. Lieut. O'Neil holds the fort.—H. H.

BLAUMFELD.—Adj. and Mrs. Blackburn for a night's meeting, and had two out for salvation, more to follow. We never will give in.—Yours, G. Bull, for Batten.

VICTORIA.—Still fighting, also doing our best for Self-Denial. Keep believing, we are going to smash our target. Every one is looking forward to the Christmas War Cry.—W. G. L.

MONTREAL H.—We are still marching on to victory. God is helping and blessing us. Self-Denial over. Reached our target. Are going in for greater victories in the future.—W. G. L.

RICHMOND ST.—Another, smash in the devil's ranks. Sunday night, five for salvation. Barracks picked, seats even down sides of building to accommodate crowd. The Lord is with us.—W.

HUNTSVILLE.—We have been having good times. God is in our midst. Sinners are giving away to the strivings of His Spirit. We anticipate a good winter. Week-end meetings good. Three souls for salvation.—W. G. W.

HOULTON.—Adj. McLean and Adj. McGee were with us over Sunday. Three during the past week have sought and found salvation and three raised their hands for prayer.—Emily White, Corps Cor.

MOLDEN, Man.—Had Staff-Capt. Gage with us for week-end. Good meetings, with one for salvation. Two or three more out since then. Our numbers are increasing.—Yours to push the war, Capt. J. Kenner.

WINDSOR.—Yesterday snow fell in clouds, the storm raged all day, and owing to that our numbers were smaller than usual. It did not stop the storm-proof invincibles, however, and of course God blessed us all.—Yours, Fred Burton, Capt.

HALIFAX.—To the God. Target of 2200 smashed. Smith, Hains, and Hayward, who have recently taken their stand for God, collected between them 230. God bless them. We are in for victory.—G. P. T.

BARRE, Vt.—During past week two souls have got beautifully saved. The spirit of God is at work in the hearts of sinners. The platform had got too small, so we made it larger. Twenty at knee-drill. Crowds good. We are believing for greater victories.—Zaccheus.

BLENNHEIM.—Adj. Hughes with us for week-end. Beautiful meetings, crowds and finances greatly increased. Sunday night a powerful time. The Christmas Cry excels any previous number. It is a credit to the Army. Success to Ill-lun Groom, B. C.

LETHBRIDGE.—Just spent a week-end here. Crowd excellent. Service took ground. Hall packed. Graphophone service fully enjoyed. Finances away up. Corps in fair condition. God bless Capt. Hurst and her Lieutenant. They know how to make you feel welcome.—W. Cummins, P. A.

ST. JOHNSBURG.—We are thankful for victory in S-D. In the absence of Lieut. Young we were assisted by Slater Perrett, a sister of Mrs. Brigadier Bennett, also a renowned S. A. warrior. We are all saved and happy. Had a visit from Capt. Downey. Grand time. We delight in the Salvation war.—Sunshine.

FREDERICTON.—On Wednesday night we had a colored minister, also Cadet Denkin furewelled. Garrison in full swing under Adj. McLean. Glorious times. One backslider returned.—Yours to push the war, Cadet Kenneth C. Duncombe.

ST. THOMAS.—A visit from Staff-Capt. Phillips. Had a good day. One soul saved, also two more Sunday night. All War Cry sold out. Soldiers going in for more of God. Everything booming.—H. Freeman.

FREDERICTON.—We are still hustling along, and are in for victory. Have had some real good meetings of late, and backsliders have been returning home. Self-Denial a victory, smashed our target.—Yours in the war, Cadet Smith.

MINNEDOSA, Man.—We are looking up. One soul in the Fountain this week, making three since we have been here. S-D target all smashed to pieces. Crowds increasing each meeting. We are looking for a wonderful manifestation of God's saving power.—S. S.

HALIFAX I.—Ensign and Mrs. Miller, of the Salvation Inferior Food and Shelter, furewelled on Sunday night for Charlottetown corps. They follow Adj. Creighton, who comes to the Harlot. May the Lord bless them. Two souls since last report.—Trens, Cushman.

OMEMEE.—Good meetings. On Sunday a brother walked in seven miles to make his peace with God. We also had with us on Monday Adj. and Mrs. Wiggins, from Lindsay, also Bro. Perkins. We enjoyed their visit very much. Hallelujah!—Reg. Cor.

Hard fight at night. One man in school (teacher) started for home, was captured by a week-old convert, brought back to the penitent form, got gloriously saved. Closed at 11:20 p.m. happy.—W. Cummins.

LETHBRIDGE.—Major McMillan with us for Sunday. Two souls in the Fountain. Ensign Cummins, with intern for a meeting. Large crowd in attendance. God is giving us the victory here and we are believing for greater times in the future.—Yours in the war, Amundus Roanline, R. C.

HOULTON.—We are glad to say there is a shaking among the dry bones here. Souls are getting saved and our soldiers are getting the whole armor of God. The past week we have had a visit from Brigadier and Mrs. Pugmire, also Adj. Magee and his braves from Woodstock. On Sunday three souls came to the Cross.—Karily White, C. C.

BLAUMFELD.—We are on the upgrade. Brigadier Bennett with us on Friday night. Had a large crowd. Officers were cheered, soldiers encouraged. Brigadier's address was much appreciated by all, and we believe that great good was done. God bless the Brigadier, come again—His to follow all the way. Further Bull.

LONDON.—God has set His seal upon the meetings during the past week, and helped us to do something for eternity. Three wanderers have come home, also two who laid their all on the altar. A Junior has offered herself as a Corps Cadet, and two soldiers have joined hands for life. More to follow.—Adj. T. Combs.



THE NEW BARRACKS AT ST. THOMAS, ONT.

Recently opened by Colonel Jacobs.

PORTAGE LA PRAIRIE.—At the close of another week we are rejoicing over four souls won for Jesus. Twenty-five at knee-drill Sunday morning. Had a blessed time. Marches are good. Band doing well. Soldiers on fire. Devil mad. God glorified, and altogether the Army is on the move. Hallelujah!—Shorty.

PRINCE ALBERT.—The rock has been moved and we praise God that we have reached our S-D target of \$135. We have had a visit from Major McMillan, which was greatly enjoyed. One backslider came back to the fold. We are praying and believing for more. Hallelujah!—Yours in the war, F. N.

HILLSBORO, N. D.—We are still marching on and doing our best to break the devil's ranks. God is on our side, and has been convicting men and women of sin. Monday night Adj. Thomas with us. Her visit was appreciated by two backsliders came home.—S. Glover, Lieut.

MOOSOMIN, N. W. T.—Lantern service enjoyed by all. Sunday's meetings good.

HUNTSVILLE.—Revival still continues. God is wonderfully helping us. Red-hot day Sunday. The Holy Ghost came with a wave of salvation, and swept four souls into the Fountain. With the Blood and the Fire we raise our flag higher.—Yours, Lieut. T. J. Meeks, for W. G. White, Capt.

FARGO, N. D.—One soul Monday night. Lieut.-Colonel Morgett, Major McMillan, Adj. Cass and Adj. Thomas here Tuesday night. Beautiful meeting. Lieut. Cass's address was much enjoyed. Had to leave before the prayer meeting to catch his train. Adj. Thomas and Cass took hold, and after a hard battle two souls sought salvation.—Yours to win, M. H. Stubbs, R. C.

GLACE BAY, C. B.—We have had a good finish to our Self-Denial. God has honored the liberality of the soldiers and friends here by giving us souls which had to be won through the victory won financially. Although work in the pit has been closed down for some time, yet we reached our target of \$105. The soldiers

did well and deserve credit for the way each of them took hold, nearly all of them raising their targets. The Orange band, which has been so friendly in the past, came to our assistance with a \$5 donation, the bandaged doing the soldiering. God bless the band, and \$5 is not had for Capt. and Mrs. Bowering, T. O's.

PARIS, N. D.—We are still marching on and having victories. S-D has come and gone. We did not collect as much as we would like to, or as much as we expected, but we feel that we did our best, and the Lord will reward us for the same. We also had a Junior's Jubilee, the children did their parts beautifully. We are now preparing for a Christmas entertainment, and we are believing for a good time.—Yours in the war, Sergt.-Major Brander.

TEMPLE.—Good meetings all day at the Temple Sunday. Crowds somewhat better. Large crowd in the afternoon. At night the Jubilee Hall was filled, and best of all, four seekers at the Mercy Seat. The Adjutant along with the soldiers still goes after the backsliders, and as a result, two or three of the above four were backsliders. Junior and Band of Love work prospering well under the able leadership of Ensign Turpin.—Reg. Cor.

GAMBO, Nfld.—The Lord has given us the victory here. It was a hard pull at first, but the devil has been defeated and seventeen prisoners captured since the opening. Sunday will be a day long to be remembered. We had our first open-air and enrolment of recruits in the afternoon. Captain Clark furewelled for Canada at night. We closed with two more precious souls claiming the victory. Gambo is all right.—Yours to win, Lieut. K. Ross.

DEVIL'S LAKE, N. D.—For a long time the lighting in this place has been hard and up-hill work, but all things come to those who wait upon Him patiently, and victory often cometh in the darkest hour. This is so here. The break came a week ago. Eleven souls have found deliverance from sin. The officers and soldiers are rejoicing and praying and believing for more to follow.—Yours believing, Mrs. Wallace, for Ensign and Capt. Green.

HELENA, Mont.—Glorious meetings all day Sunday. Large crowds both indoors and out. One soul in the afternoon. Since the present officers have taken charge we have seen some eighteen souls kneeling at the Mercy Seat and crying to God for pardon. Not only this, but the corps has been strengthened and built up. The two days' meetings of Lieut.-Col. Margottis and Staff-Capt. Watson was well attended, and we believe a blessing to many. We went away beyond our S-D target. Hallelujah!—E. H. Wickersham, Corps Cor.

ROSSLAND, B. C.—On Saturday night the arrival of Capt. Fisher in our midst gave us great joy. Crowded house, good meeting, same all day Sunday. Monday our comrades, Capt. Arnold and Lieut. Brown, from trail, paid us a visit. A musical meeting was announced which went off very nicely, and which the people appreciated. The busy band, consisting of eleven members, being to the front. Tuesday night, salvation meeting, at the close of which two young men came forward boldly and gave their hearts to God. Victory in our battle cry.—Yours for Christ, V. Lister, Ensign.

ONE HOME.

TWILLINGATE.—Bro. Joseph Gillard was only sick a few days, but from the first of his sickness he told them he would not get better. The last time Capt. Sparks visited him he gave a clear testimony. On Wednesday morning Captain left the quarters to visit him, but before he got there his spirit had left the temple of clay. Friday afternoon we laid his body in the grave. God spoke to others through the service. Secretary Elliott, Sergt. Young and Yatcher spoke at the graveside with power. At the memorial service two of his sisters and four others professed to get their sins forgiven. The mother and brothers of the deceased are not yet saved. May the sudden call of this young man be a warning to others. Prepare to meet thy God.—D. P. M.

Obadiah's Observations.

Dear Husslers,—

The Editor gave that other chap that signed himself Harry Huster the G. B. an' has ask me to rite a few observations from time to time. Now, I'm no literary man, howsoever, I often does feel as I want to have some say in this here bustling column, for I think it is very exciting reading.

Now, I will divide my brief eloquent remarks into six parts, as follows:

1. I have, dear reader, a pretty powerful imagination, an' I can pitch in my mind most anything in a komest or pathetic manner. For example, when I saw the pitcher where Mr. Southall falls from that there Arab of a beast, I see already in my mind how he that humbly himself shall be assaulted again. Now, I enclose 2 sketches for your artistic to paint up. The first one shows, what has come out of my pen, the dark night has settled down upon the gent who rede Nigger so frisky, and now his very breath is being squeeze out of 'im. My 12 Husslers is very grand-secious.

2. I want to say, that I believe in keeping hush. This remark is not only for the gent that won this week, but for all that read my observations. Here comes in sketch number 2, I see, as it were, by night, Mr. G. B. is getting on his Nigger again, and comes galloping down the lane in search of the man who bate him. Now, Mr. don't be vindictive; you are four arder the other night, yet your eyes look blood-thirsty!

3. Mr. Bennett, the snare that owns Mag, is coming thrilly again. A fine horse he got; steady, but wants a trifle more training.

4. This observation is upon Mr. Pugmire, what I would like to give a little gentle hint in the rith a fencepost, and say, "Gt a wiggle on." A fine looking gentleman he is, and an curious to let his dignity be so injured. If it was him I would preserve my preatish more careful.

5. There are some other gentlemen, no offence to them, who seem to my humble opinion rather to indifferent to the vital issues of this here column, and who do not properly estimate the moral value of these observations. Will these gentlemen remember that my feldglass can look a very long way, and show up better next issue.

6. I wish you all happiness in the New Year, and keep a-hustling.

Your obedient servant,

OBADIAH OLDHAM.

0 0 0

WEST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

92 Husslers.	
MRS. HUFFMAN, Woodstock	225
CAPT. HELLMAN, London	189
CAND. COUCH, Stratford	190
ENSLIN GAMBLE, Petrolia	190
ENSLIN COLLIER, Brantford	145
LIEUT. HOCKIN, Brantford	142
SERGT-MAJOR MRS. ROCK, Chatham	130
LIEUT. STICKELS, Wallaceburg	106
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	86
Capt. Halsey, Essex	85
Lieut. Jorhinson, Amherstburg	85
Cand. Carley, Ridgeway	85
Capt. Mathers, Guelph	78
Serget. Gerlie Yeomans, Chatham	78
Capt. Rees, Watford	70
Ensign Scott, Galt	70
Ensign Dean, Hespeler	70
Capt. Cockerill, Forest	70
Capt. Poy, Paris	57
Serget. McDougall, Goderich	65
Serget. Knuckes, Goderich	65
Capt. Hollett, Strathroy	65
Lieut. Carr, Dresden	65
Capt. Briggs, Wyoming	60
Serget. Robinson, Tilsonburg	60
Ensign Metturg, Windsor	60
Lieut. Beach, Seaford	57
Lieut. Burrows, Guelph	55
Capt. Gibson, Sarnia	50
Lieut. Mumford, Sarnia	50
Serget. Broadwell, Kingsville	50
Serget. Bond, Wingham	50
Capt. Huntington, Clinton	50
Sister Yeo, Windsor	50
Lieut. Bonny, Rothwell	50
Capt. Burton, Strathroy	50
Capt. Sisto, Ingersoll	50
Capt. Patterson, Galt	45
Adli. Coombs, London	45
Sister Fritchler, Listowel	45
Sister Hampton, St. Thomas	45
Capt. Freeman, St. Thomas	41
Serget. Love, Seaford	41
Capt. Crawford, Leamington	41
Capt. Burton, Windsor	40
Serget. Mary Allen, Mitchell	40
Mrs. Ensign McKenzie, Berlin	40
Capt. Jarvis, Drayton	40
Capt. Cox, Essex	40
Capt. McDonald, Tilsonburg	40
Mrs. Scott, Guelph	38
Capt. Barker, Goderich	38
Lieut. Winter, Bayfield	38
Serget. Schuster, Berlin	30

Sister Thompson, Sarnia	38
Serget. Graham, Thamesville	35
Sister Craft, Chatham	35
Lieut. Baird, Listowel	35
Capt. Hoddinott, Blenheim	30
Sister McQuinn, Stenheilm	30
Bra. Benn, Wallaceburg	30
Bra. McLeod, Wingham	30
Serget. Mrs. Harris, London	30
Serget. Mrs. Butler, London	30
Auntie Wright, Ingersoll	30
Lieut. Crawford, Simcoe	30
Lieut. Stoddart, Hespeler	30
Ensign Allen, Dresden	30
Lieut. Sticklels, Norweth	30
Lieut. Hodgson, Palmerston	28
Capt. Reuter, Kewbech	28
Capt. Howcroft, Theedford	28
Lieut. Levitt, Ingersoll	28
Adli. Archibald, Stratford	28
Serget. Palmer, London	28
Orson Crank, Leamington	25
Stanley Rumbie, Blenheim	25
Serget. E. Gifford, Simcoe	25
Sister Mrs. Knapp, Ingersoll	25
Ensign Bale, Seaford	25
Sister Cheekman, London	25
Ensign McKenna, Berlin	25
Sister Loutie Scott, Guelph	20
Bra. Currie Petrolia	20
Ensign Orchard, Palmerston	20
Lieut. Sitzer, Leamington	20
Sister Mrs. Livins, Ingersoll	20
Sister Cannon, Ingersoll	20
Bra. Fingell, London	20
Lieut. Churchill, Tilbury	20
Capt. Dowell, Tilbury	20
Serget. Wilson, Tilbury	20

EAST ONTARIO PROVINCE.

72 Husslers.	
ENSLIN WALKER, Belleville	190
CAPT. MCNALLY, St. Johnsbury	181
CAPT. CONNORS, Ottawa	153
LIEUT. McFARLANE, Gananoque	107
ADJUT. GOODYEAR, Ottawa	107
CAPT. WILSON, St. Albans	105
LIEUT. CRIGO, St. Albans	105
SERGET. PERKINS, Barre, Vt.	105



The Dark (Night) Settled Down upon G—

Adli. Bradley, Cornwall	81
Lieut. Butcher, Brockville	80
Lieut. Booketa, Renfrew	77
Mrs. Simms, Kingston	70
Capt. Michel, Montreal II	70
Capt. Banks, Quebec	68
Capt. Greene, Tweed	65
Capt. Downey, Burlington	65
Serget. Rogers, Montreal I	60
Mrs. Adli. Blackburn, Picton	54
Lieut. Woods, Napanee	57
Adli. Blackburn, Picton	55
Capt. Jones, Burlington	55
Capt. McAmmond, Kingston	55
Capt. Williams, Pembroke	52
Lieut. Carter, Prescott	50
Capt. Chappell, Deseronto	50
Capt. Hill, Port Hope	50
Lieut. Bacon, Port Hope	50
Serget. Thompson, Belleville	50
Lieut. Newell, Prescott	50
Capt. Beuchell, Trenton	50
Capt. Norman, Napanee	50
Lieut. Sisto, Morrisburg	50
Capt. Brindley, Campbellford	45
Lieut. Dawson, Kempsville	45
Capt. DeWitt, Millbrook	40
Lieut. Ludlow, Coaticook	40
Ensign Kitchin, Portage	40
Lieut. Hickman, Morrisburg	40
Capt. Patton, Newport	40
Lieut. Burtch, Newport	40
Mrs. Barber, Burlington Vt.	40
Capt. LaLonde, Montreal II	38
Mrs. Dine, Kingston	38
Ensign Sulger, Perth	35
Capt. Vance, Perth	35
Lieut. Randall, Armprior	35
Lieut. Latimer, Cornwall	35
Capt. Muscoe, Kempsville	35
Capt. Nyland, Orono	30
Capt. Findlay, Brighton	30

Lieut. Owens, Cobourg	30
Serget. Lewis, Montreal	30
Mrs. Adli. McAmmond, Kingston	28
Mrs. Thompson, Kingston	26
Serget. Major Douglas, Cornwall	26
Capt. Stainforth, Armprior	26
Capt. Batten, Bloomfield	26
Capt. Grose, Prescott	26
Bride McNanny, Kingston	25
Sister Crozier, Montreal I	25
Sister Legie, Montreal I	25
Sister Capt. Burditt, Montreal I	25
Lieut. Tracey, Barre, Vt.	24
Lieut. Way, Bloomfield	23
Lieut. Tuck, Coaticook	23
Capt. Crego, Sunbury	23
Father Duquet, Trenton	23
Lieut. Phelps, Picton	23
Lieut. Kearnes, Burlington Vt.	23
Mrs. Barber, Burlington Vt.	23
Ensign Yerex, Montreal III	23
Cand. Hoole, Montreal II	20

EASTERN PROVINCE.

43 Husslers.	
CAPT. A. HORWOOD, Charlottetown	28
SISTER M. SMITH, Windsor	187
CAPT. C. ALLEN, Westville	183
CAPT. JACKSON, Halifax I	185
SERGET-MAJOR VENO, Halifax II	110
Sister Mrs. Sumner, St. John	96
Sister M. Graham, Halifax I	96
Capt. A. Hurr, Essex	90
Cadet Armstrong, Fredericton	82
Bra. C. Wingham, Charlottetown	82
Capt. Bowring, Glace Bay	80
Sister S. Holden, Windsor	73
Mrs. Olive, Carleton	68
Capt. Pittman, Sydney	63
Capt. J. Green, Yarmouth	60
Serget-Major Chandler, St. John III	59
Sister E. White, Moulton	55
S. M. Harding, Yarmouth	55
Sister Currie, Woodstock	51
Sister Mrs. Maybee, Charlottetown	51
Lieut. J. Campbell, Sydney	50
Lieut. Mutari, Woodstock	44
Serget. Morrison, Glace Bay	42
Serget. Allen, St. John III	41
Capt. Pittman, Sydney	39
Mrs. W. Lyons, Fredericton	38
Capt. Coolen, Windsor	35
Serget. Irons, Windsor	35
Capt. S. Levens, Fredericton	35
Serget. J. Moore, Halifax I	30



Gaskin in Search of Southall.

Capt. Thompson, Halifax II	30
Capt. Campbell, Kentville	30
Lieut. Held, Kentville	29
Sister B. Ferguson, Halifax I	27
Serget. Hayman, Halifax II	25
Ensign Gendryan, Halifax II	25
Cadet Smith, Fredericton	25
Cadet Kirk, Fredericton	25
Sister C. Conrad, Halifax I	22
Ensign Penny, Sydney	21
Sister Beardsley, Windsor	20
Mrs. S. Beattie, Fredericton	20
Sister Hayward, Halifax II	20

NORTH-WEST PROVINCE.

24 Husslers.	
Cadet Witcox, Winnipeg	91
Lieut. Anderson, Fargo	70
Cadet Wick, Winnipeg	70
Sister M. Chapman, Winnipeg	50
Lieut. Clark, Minot	50
Sister A. McNabb, Portage la Prairie	46
Capt. Pearce, Moose Jaw	41
Capt. Smith, Moosemin	40
Capt. Patterson, Fargo	35
Cadet Bagen, Portage	35
Cadet Hland, Rat Portage	30
Capt. Siveris, Minnedosa	30
Mrs. Capt. O'Neil, Oakes	28
Capt. Mercer, Hillsboro	27
Cadet H. Jones, Rat Portage	23
Lieut. Bunson, Moose Jaw	22
Capt. O'Neil, Oakes	21
Mrs. Orth, Portage la Prairie	20
Mrs. Adli. Gale, Rat Portage	20

PACIFIC PROVINCE.

15 Husslers.	
LIEUT. MOORE, Rossland	150
LIEUT. GAIN, Billings	114
MRS. CAPT. HOOKER, Wallace	110
ENSLIN HAY, Livingston	100
SISTER LEWIS, Victoria	100
Capt. Perrenoud, Nanaimo	90
Capt. Meredith, Vancouver	89
Capt. Bailey, Kallup	80
Mrs. Adli. Ayre, Victoria	80
Ensign Babin, Vancouver	78
Cadet E. Ellison, Westminster	72
Cadet Long, Lewiston	60
Capt. Haas, Lewiston	50
Sister Mortimer, Victoria	50
Capt. Arnold, Trill	25

NEWFOUNDLAND PROVINCE.

3 Husslers.	
Lieut. Sainsbury, St. Johns H.	27
Julia Lister, St. Johns H.	20
Elle Greening, St. Johns H.	20

CENTRAL ONTARIO PROVINCE.

88 Husslers.	
Sister Pearce, Temple	89
Sister Medlock, Temple	75
Cadet Thompson, Richmond St.	71
Ensign Jones, Bowmanville	70
Ensign Cameron, Riverdale	65
Ensign Fox, St. Catharines	65
Ensign Atwell, Hurrie	60
Bra. Case, Hamilton I	55
Lieut. Kivell, Owen Sound	54
Capt. Goldberg, Owen Sound	53
Capt. Stevens, Orillia	52
Capt. Creamer, Orillia	51
Mrs. Adli. Wiggins, Lindsay	41
Sister Currier, Temple	40
Capt. M. Stephens, North Bay	40
Serget. A. Sticklels, Ligar St.	39
Lieut. J. McLennan, North Bay	30
Capt. Clark, Collingwood	30
Capt. Russell, Collingwood	30
Capt. M. Mainland, Hamilton II	30
Lieut. Cooper, St. Catharines	28
Capt. White, Hamilton I	28
Capt. M. Howcroft, Parry Sound	25
Capt. A. Sherwin, Sudbury	45
Lieut. A. Bond, Sudbury	45
Bra. Dixon, Temple	41
Capt. Barker, Oshawa	41
Mrs. Bowler, Ligar St.	41
Cadet Donaldson, Lippincott St.	41
Cadet Symonds, Lippincott St.	41
Capt. Holliker, Riverdale	41
Lieut. Wadge, Brampton	40
Mrs. Passmore, Hamilton I	40
Serget-Major Bull, St. Catharines	38
Serget-Major Mrs. Bowers, Ligar St.	38



Gaskin in Search of Southall.

Chas. C. Gooda, Social Farm	35
Capt. W. White, Oakville	35
Lieut. Dules, Oshawa	35
Capt. S. Tinney, Aurora	35
Lieut. Huskinson, Mendford	34
Capt. Bonnie, Mendford	34
Cadet Jackson, Stroud	32
Cadet Kemple, Lippincott	32
Lieut. J. Marshall, Omerose	31
Mrs. Wilson, Hamilton I	30
Sister McQuig, Temple	30
Sister Mrs. Russell, Orangeville	30
Sister Gills, Yorkville	30
Sister L. Jago, Hurrie	30
Serget-Major Gardiner, Orillia	30
Capt. J. Howcroft, Parry Sound	30
Mrs. Capt. Williams, Newmarket	30
Lieut. Northcott, Newmarket	30
Serget-Major Hunter, Newmarket	30
Capt. H. Hanna, Brampton	28
Cadet Hart, Lippincott	28
Adli. Wiggins, Ligar St.	27
Mrs. Capt. McClelland, Midland	27
Mrs. Potter, Hamilton I	27
Sister G. McQuinn, Hamilton I	25
Bra. T. Forester, Huntsville	25
Capt. Hart, Riverdale	25
Serget-Major Bradley, Temple	25
Bra. Young, Temple	25
Mrs. Ensign Atwell, Bur St.	25
Mother Gilbert, Bowmanville	25
Cadet Hunter, Richmond St.	25
Lieut. Edwards, Chelsey	25
Capt. Culbert, Uxbridge	25
Lieut. Bone, Uxbridge	25
Lieut. Liddard, Gravenhurst	25
Bra. Gray, Midland	25
Bra. H. Bennett, Ligar St.	25
Bra. G. Danton, Hamilton I	25
Cadet Kilty, Richmond II	25
Father Curry, Hamilton II	25
Sister Boulton, Temple	25

Bro. W. Stevens
Cadet Smith, L.
Capt. J. A. White
Mrs. Howard
Sister Wm. Th.
Sister Kedar, N.
Sister Simpson
Capt. E. Barrack
Lieut. Young, O.
Mrs. Hall, St. C.

FROM THE
Sympathy.

With sincere sympathy
comrade Adli.
Trade Dept, we
brother William
August 25th, of
like, but word of
received recently,
formerly in bud-
and left only his
goldfish, where
a death. He was
Salvationists.

Our Quarterly
The second of the
paper has recently
Financial Department
total raised in the
the quarter ending
to \$12.42, which is
the preceding quar-
amount returned
the following: G.
Winnipeg, Minn., \$3
Charlottetown, P.

For Nine Years.
"As my yearly as-
the 25th inst. I give
for another year.
nineth year that I
cry; this will not
tired of the paper,
ever. May God be
quarters.—John M.

Big Time at Woodstock.
On account of the
to press with the
the following telegram
came too late to be
"Great enthusiasm
the visit of Brigadier
Major Hay presided
Touching references
chairman to the
slam experience, a
officers and friends
visit Woodstock.—A

Salvationists Win-
Calls "Them Into
the Crowd Join
and the

TRENTON, Dec.
hand last night mar-
When they reached
policeman told the
Mulyne, the proprie-
insurance, went out-
hall. The Salvation-
the invitation, and
saloon.

They mounted the
to sing and pray. A
the tar joined in the
demure Salvation Ar-
lower their heads.
All the War Cry
Some paid \$3 a paper
realized in a brief in-
In concluding the
men and women on
for the salvation and
prior Mulyne and
made every man in it
uncovered and bowed
end an amen was
heartily joined.
As the Salvation-
saloon, Mr. Mulyne
at their disposal any
tain of the band salu-
to call again. Several
place followed the Sa-
army and promised
life.—From the N. Y.

Yesterday in your
row may be never yet
yours, the living pre-
the living great out-
ward to the things of
W. Farrar.

THE WORLD'S
To show
OLD
we would like
to the fact that
for all the Cal-
on very large
parties are a
A Temple

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PROVINCE.

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Bro. W. Stevens, Riverside 20
Cadet Edwards, Lippincott 20
Cadet Smith, Lippincott 20
Capt. J. A. Whisman, Brooklyn 20
Mrs. Howard, Collingwood 20
Sergt. Wm. Thompson, Sudbury 20
Slaters Keefer, Newmarket 20
Slaters Simpson, Yorkville 20
Capt. B. Horrocks, Oshawa 20
Lieut. Young, Oakville 20
Mrs. Beall, St. Catharines 20

Stealings

FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK.

Sympathy.

With sincere sympathy for our faithful comrade Adjt. James Adams, of the Trade Dept., we hear of the death of his brother, William Adams, who died on August 24th, of diphtheria, in the Klondike, but who of his disease was only received recently. William Adams was formerly in business in Nelson, B. C., and left only last April for the Arctic fields, where he met so unexpected a death. He was well-known to many Salvationists.

Our Quarterly Letter.

The second of the Light Brigade's own paper has recently been issued by the Financial Department. We note that the total raised in the G. B. M. boxes for the quarter ending September, amounts to \$22.42, which is about on a level with the preceding quarter. The highest amounts returned from any one corps are the following: Glace Bay, C. B., \$41.50; Winnipeg, Man., \$20.75; Moose Jaw, \$21.57; Charlottetown, P. E. I., \$21.

For Nine Years.

"As my yearly subscription expires on the 21st inst. I again send you my money for another year. I think this is the ninth year that I have taken the War Cry; this will show you that I am not tired of the paper, but I love it more than ever. May God bless you all at Headquarters—John M. New Haven."

Big Time at Woodstock, N.B.

On account of the early date we went to press with the Christmas War Cry, the following telegram from Adjt. Magee came too late to be published before this: "Great enthusiasm manifested during the visit of Brigadier and Mrs. Pugsire. Major Hay presided at public gathering. Touching reference was made by the chairman to the Field Commissioner's stum experience. Many, many citizens, officers and friends invite Miss Booth to visit Woodstock—Adjt. Magee."

Salvationists Win a Saloon-Keeper

Calla Them into His Saloon, and the Crowd Joins in the Bongs and the Amens.

TRENTON, Dec. 8.—A Salvation Army band last night marched down Broad St. When they reached Mulryne's Casino, a policeman told them to disperse. Mr. Mulryne, the proprietor, hearing the disturbance, went outside and offered his hall. The Salvationists eagerly accepted the invitation, and filled into the crowded saloon.

They mounted the platform and began to sing and pray. A number of those in the bar joined in the songs. While the demure Salvation Army lasses sang, men bowed their heads.

All the War Crys offered were sold. Some paid \$2 a paper. Nearly \$50 was realized in a brief time.

In concluding the exercises the Army men and women on bended knees prayed for the salvation and prosperity of Proprietor Mulryne and all present. Mulryne made every man in the place stand with uncovered and bowed head, and at the end an amen was uttered in which all heartily joined.

As the Salvationists filed out of the saloon, Mr. Mulryne said his place was at their disposal any time, and the Captain of the band said they would be glad to call again. Several frequenters of the place followed the Salvationists to their armory and promised to lead a better life.—From the N. Y. World.

THE WORLD'S HIGHWAY.

To those who think of travelling to the OLD COUNTRY, we would like to call special attention to the fact that we can secure tickets for all the Canadian Steamship Lines, on very favorable terms. For full particulars apply to MAISON ROUSSEAU, 4 Temple, Toronto.



(Concluded.)

CHAPTER V.

After Will's midnight arrest he was taken to Lindsay, brought before the magistrate, charged with stealing, found guilty, and sentenced to three months hard labor. He was now hardened and reckless, and thought he might just as well be in jail as out. But three months away rolled by. Will was once more free, though branded a criminal.

The next offence that he was brought before the judge for was robbing a fruit store. He was again found guilty and sentenced to six months hard labor. The food being worse, the labor harder, and the confinement closer, Will broke down in health after a time. He was sent to the twine shop, where the work is much lighter. While there he became a general favorite with the guards and fellow-prisoners, and was ever ready and willing to assist them when circumstances would permit. On one occasion, one of the convicts managed to elude the vigilance of the authorities and escaped, with the result that all the other convicts were locked in their cells for two days, getting out only for their meals.

One scene he witnessed is photographed on Will's mind for ever. One of the prisoners had been guilty of some offence, and was therefore brought out and hanged. The poor fellow's shrieks and cries were most awful to hear, and the sound of his heart-rending pleadings for mercy ring in Will's ears even now. This scene terrified Will so much that he vowed never again to steal, whatever else he might do. The day of freedom seemed so long coming. This time Will was heart sick; so when he at last was free he was wrecked in health, sick at heart, and tired of life. What was he to do?

He tramped to Cooksville, found light employment, and got on very well. His health was soon restored. While here he bought a "wheel," and the remainder went in drink, for three days later, when totalling up his cash, he mustered the magnificent sum of five cents.

One night Will was riding along without a light and about half drunk, when he heard a buggy coming along behind him. The driver of the vehicle whipped up his horse and soon caught up to him, calling out, "Get out of the way!" Will replied, "If you want to pass you must let me go." With an oath the fellow pelted his whip again upon the horse, whereupon it leaped forward, nearly knocking Will over. He put on top speed and the strain of road being good and slightly down grade, quickly left the buggy behind. But, lo! suddenly the chain that he was hooked on to broke, and he fell violently to the ground. The buggy was coming along at a furious rate, but when nearly on the top of him the horse shied, sprang into the ditch, overturned the buggy and Will was saved. This was another warning, but alas! like others, had little effect upon him.

One dazed and dazed fellow was the result of this bicycle accident, which left Will a sadder if not a wiser man.

CHAPTER VI.

Upon his recovery from the accident, Will considered that he had stayed long enough in that town. As the bar-room of a hotel had a peculiar fascination for him, he thought that if he could obtain a situation as barman, he would have both the fun and the beer, and be paid

as well for it. Under an assumed name he obtained a situation and commenced his duties, handing out the devilish poison for body and soul to the poor dupes of sin and evil. Will poured too much liquor down his own throat to perform his duties satisfactorily to his employer, with the result that at the expiration of three months he had to leave. Will returned to Toronto, and for some time knocked around the city drinking and pool-playing until he got tired and thought New York would suit him better. To New York he went, became an agent for books, collected the cash and appropriated some of it to his own use. This resulted in a row between him and his employer, which necessitated Will's somewhat hurried departure after a stay of three months in that city. He returned to Toronto and went into the pool-playing business again. This he found to be much easier than working, and besides he could get plenty of liquor on the sly.

One day he was "down on his luck." Will wanted to play with him, he was too well known. He went for a walk around the city, and while passing the Salvation Army wood yard he thought he would go in and have a look round, and see what they were doing. Then, out of fun he went up to the Captain and asked if he would give him a job, never expecting for an instant that the Captain would take his request seriously. However, the officer's heart was filled with pity when he saw this young fellow's condition, he gave him ten cents, wrote a letter and sent him over to see the writer.

In conversation the story of a sin-sick heart was revealed, and being spoken to about his soul's condition, and the imminent danger in which he was, brought tears to his eyes. Will said, if he only knew a way of quitting the past and getting away from his old associates and the haunts of sin which he frequented, he would long to live a new life. That day Will was sent to the Social Farm, and if ever a man made up his mind to turn over a new leaf, Will did. He did his best to please the officers and worked real hard.

After two months, during which time the Spirit of God strove hard with him, and the bodily lives of the officers had made a deep impression on his mind, Will, one night, went to the penitent form, cried for mercy, and got converted. The devil did not let him alone. He harassed and tempted and tried Will very sorely, and then, in a moment of weakness, he backslided. He had been doing well ever since later re-accepted for admission, and was taken again. This occurred three times, so strong was the temptation that swept in upon the poor fellow. The last time he came back to the farm he went to the penitent form in the soldiers' meeting, evidently was properly converted, for he has been doing well ever since.

Will's testimony to-day is: Thank God for His love and mercy. I am to-day loving and serving Him, and mean to do so until I die.

The last time I saw him it was a wet and stormy afternoon, therefore it was quite a relief to step into the cosy farm kitchen, where Will was doing his duty, and rejoicing in victory over the devil.

Reader, are you saved? If not, the same God who forgave poor Wandring Will, and blotted out his many sins, will save you. If you will seek Him. If you ARE converted, what are you doing to save such as the subject of this story?

[THE END.]

THE TWO WAYS.

John Murker, an original Scotch preacher, of Banff, had a favorite sermon upon Job xiv. "Man giveth up the ghost, and where is he?" This is the divisions:

I.
A good man goes where he desires to go.
A good man goes where he labored hard to go.
A good man goes where he had no right to go.

II.
A bad man goes where he deserves to go.
A bad man goes where he labored hard to go.
A bad man goes where he did not intend to go.
A bad man goes where he will be for ever.

MISSING

First Insertion.

222. ROBERT BAILY, or ROBERT BAILY CRAIG. Left Lucknow, Ont., about 17 years ago, last heard of in Marietta, Wis., U. S. A. Worked at blacksmithing there. May have gone to North Carolina, or Winnipeg.

221. JOHN OLIVER. Age 50, about 5 ft. high. Was captain of a sailing vessel. Last heard of in Pelton. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

220. ARTHUR A. LEAKER. Last heard of in 1895, when his address was care Mrs. Maynard, 762 Palace St., Montreal. Was working as a manager for a Mr. Durd, of a firm of Brewers of Hop Ale and Stone Ginger Beer Co. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

219. GEORGE HERBERT MORRIS. Last heard of in Winnipeg nine months ago. Address was 312 Isabella Street. Father anxiously inquires.

218. JAMES McCRAW. About 5 ft. 8 in. in height, blue eyes, grey beard and stout. Was a Salvation Soldier. Last heard of in 1897. Was then employed by Ward King & Sons, Granges, St. Paudry, Montreal. Address Enquiry Toronto.

217. JAMES JOHN NEWLAND. Age 26, brown hair, hazel eyes. Last heard of 12 months ago in Portage la Prairie. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

216. JOHN PRICE. About 5 ft. 8 in. in height, Auburn hair (possibly grey now), hazel eyes, fair complexion. Last heard of in Toronto in 1877, where he was a wholesale and retail butcher. Any information thankfully received. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

215. GEORGE STACEY. Last heard of in April, 1897. Occupation, farmer; height, about 5 ft. 5 in.; fair moustache; age about 27; born in England. Mother inquires anxiously. Address Enquiry, Toronto, or Mrs. Nellie Stacey, Fullerton, Ont.

214. LEWIS SHATTOCK. Age 37, height 5 ft. 4 in., dark hair and eyes, stoutness body. Last known address was Donna Lake, Canada. Previous to this he was working in Michigan, on the Duluth and South Shore Atlantic Railway. A letter, under by trade. Mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

213. WILLIAM SMITH. Age 45, dark red mark on back of his neck. Left home 27 years ago. Last heard of four years ago. Address was Daniel William Smith, 50 Mills House, Clinton, B. C. Parents anxious to hear. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

212. WALTER TASKER. Age 31, height 5 ft. 4 in., brown hair and eyes, fair complexion, has a peculiar rocking motion in walking, now a little flat at end, left his wife and child at the mercy of the world eight years ago. Last heard of in Montreal.

211. WALTER VIVOND. Age 28, 5 ft. 6 in. high, dark complexion, dark brown hair, brown eyes. Last heard of in April, 1897. His address then was Glens, Glend, County, Arizona. His mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

210. MRS. J. WHITEFIELD. Last known address was Vine Cottage, Merion Road, Toronto. Mother inquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

209. HENRY JOHN WILLIAMS. He is a widower with no family, about 35 years of age, fair, thick set, blue eyes, 5 ft. 5 in. in height. Addressed in October, 1896, was 15 Regent St., Toronto. Supposed to have been in mission work in Toronto. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

208. GEORGE SWINYARD WAIRD. Left Easton, Herts, England, about the year 1890. When last heard of was living in the vicinity of Oshawa, Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

207. JAMES WILLIAM COLE. Was at one time in the navy. Supposed to be in Nova Scotia. Has not been heard from for four years.

206. WILLIAM ALBERT BEATTY. Last heard of ten years ago in San Francisco. Age 55, tall, dark complexion, brown eyes. Formerly of Libellian, Irreducible. Anyone knowing his whereabouts address Enquiry, Toronto, or Miss Jeanie Houston, 257 Carlton St., Toronto.

205. JOHN BOLISTER. Age 26, height 5 ft. 5 in., fair hair and complexion, blue eyes. Last known address was D. M. N. Kengle, Necropolis Station, Kings County, supposed to have been in mission work in Quebec.

204. ALBERT JOHN WINDYTANK, or STEELE. Left England in 1895. Last heard of in Toronto five years ago. Supposed to have been a Salvation Soldier. Age about 30, height 5 ft. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

203. MRS. ANNIE FISHER. Wife of Edward Fisher. Last heard of about a year ago, at 131 Eastern Ave., Toronto. Any information address Enquiry, Toronto.

Second Insertion.

3220. BOSTON, THOMAS. Age about 22, last address, c/o Mr. Wm. Stewart, Welland P. O., Ont. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3221. BERRY MRS. (nee McEvoy). Came to Canada in 1870. Had two daughters, Mary and Martha. Last known to be living in New London, Ont. Friends enquiring. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3222. DENNETT, JAMES. Age about 80. Wheelwright by trade; in business for himself. May be dead. Friends in England seek information. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3223. CAMPBELL, JAMES ANDERSON. Age 28, height 5 ft. 7 in., fair hair, blue eyes, was a fireman. Supposed to be in Nova Scotia. Wife making enquiries. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3224. CLOW, or CLARK, JOHN A. Age 16, fair complexion, freckled, light hair, light blue eyes, scar under left jaw from abscess, scar on back of right hand. Was in Kingston three years ago, then went out in direction of Sharbot Lake. Mother anxious. Address Mrs. Peter Clark, c/o Mr. John Reeves, King St., Kingston, Ont., or Enquiry, Toronto.

3225. COUGH, THOMAS. Supposed to be or have been a Police Commissioner in Canada. Present whereabouts desired, as good news awaits him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3226. HUBBERT, HENRY. Age 23 height 5 ft. 2 in., dark brown hair, blue eyes, last address (three years ago) c/o Mr. Keast & Sons, 100 St. Louis, Montreal, Que. Was a farm laborer, emigrated from England. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3227. HUGHES, ARTHUR. Age about 23. Was cook at the Lighthouse, Montreal. Last known address 281 Victoria St., Toronto, and was then working on C. P. R. dining car. Mother very sick and anxious to hear from him. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3228. JONES, MRS. MARY or POLLY. Complexion dark. Last address 89 Centre Ave., Toronto. Not heard of since 1892. Friends in England anxious for information. Husband a printer and had very bad health. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3229. KRUMAGAH (nee Bosse) MRS. Rose. Age 43, height 5 ft. 6 in., brown hair, dark eyes. Left England for Canada 11 years ago and has not been heard of since. Her husband was a baker by trade.

3230. LARK, WALTER. Age about 23, height 5 ft. 6 in., light hair, fair complexion. Once lived in Ottawa. Father anxious. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3231. LITTLE, PETER. Last heard of at Minot, N. D. Height 5 ft. 6 in., fair complexion, troubled with asthma, blacksmith by trade. Brother anxious to hear from him. Address George Thomas Little, Petrol P. O., Manitoba. American Cry please copy.

3232. McCULLOCH, JOHN. Age 61. Native of Co. Antrim, Ireland. Height 5 ft. 6 in., dark complexion. Left Ireland for New York 40 years ago. Was last heard of 35 years ago, in Upper Canada. Gardener by profession. Brother James enquires. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3240. McGUIRE, JOE and JAMES. Supposed to be in North Dakota. Brother wishes to hear from them. Address Enquiry, Toronto.

3241. MORRIS, SAMUEL ROBERT JOHN. Age 41. Left England 28 years ago for Galt Home. Last heard of from Listowel. Mother enquires. Address Mrs. Archer, Milton, Otago, New Zealand, or Enquiry, Toronto.

IMPORTANT!

HELP FOR ALL IN LEGAL DIFFICULTIES.

DO YOU WANT ADVICE CONCERNING:

PARTNERSHIP AGREEMENTS?

JOINT STOCK COMPANIES?

PROPERTY DEEDS?

MORTGAGES?

INSURANCES, OR

LEGACIES?

ARE YOU IN TROUBLE WITH YOUR:

CREDITORS, OR

MORTGAGEES?

IF SO, the Commissioner is willing to place at your service the knowledge and experience of a competent officer.

Address your letter (marked "Confidential"), to Major A. E. Baker, S. A. Temple, Albert St., Toronto. A small fee, to cover expenses, will be charged.

LOANS! LOANS! LOANS!

ANY PERSON HAVING MONEY TO INVEST would do well to write to Toronto Head quarters for information. We can offer most reliable securities with interest for large or small sums. Full particulars can be had from Major Baker, Corner James and Albert Streets, Toronto.



Let Us All Sing.

Turn to the Lord.

Tune.—Turn to the Lord (B.J. 77).

6 Hark! the Gospel news is sounding,
Christ has suffered on the tree;
Streams of mercy are abounding,
Grace for all is rich and free.
Now, poor sinner, come to Him who died
for thee.

Oh, escape to yonder mountain,
Refuge find in Him to-day;
'Christ invites you to the Fountain,
'Come and wash your sins away;
Do not tarry, come to Jesus while you
may.

Grace is flowing like a river,
Millions there have been supplied;
Still it flows as fresh as ever
From the Saviour's wounded side;
None need perish, all may live, for Christ
has died.

Christ alone shall be our portion,
Soon we hope to meet above;
Then we'll bathe in the full ocean
Of the great Redeemer's love;
All His fullness we shall then forever
prove.

A Favorite.

7 The night was dark and stormy and
the wind was howling wild,
When an aged mother gazed upon the
portrait of her child;
She gazed on the baby features that had
once filled her heart with joy,
He was now far the wild world roaming,
the mother long-lost boy.

Chorus.

Your mother still prays for you, Jack,
your mother will pray for you,
In the home or o'er the ocean,
your mother still prays for you.

Far away from home and mother, far
away in a foreign land,
Some comrades said, "Come along, Jack,
let's go, there's the Army band."
It was a rough old barracks, where the
meeting had just begun,
But something stirred the wild Jack's
heart as sweetly the soldiers sang.
His stony heart was broken as he
thought of his mother dear,
And in spite of his comrades' laughing,
he could not keep back a tear.
And in spite of fierce temptation, these
words in his ears still rang,
So he started for heaven that evening,
as sweetly the soldiers sang.

At last there came a letter, it was deeply
edged in black,
From a comrade long forgotten, who
still remembered Jack,
They have laid your poor old mother in
the grave, so dark and cold,
But she wanted the lad that's roaming to
meet her on the streets of gold.

2nd Chorus.

Your mother's last prayer was for you,
Jack, your mother's last prayer was
for you,
She wants her lad that's roaming to meet
her on the streets of gold.

Solo.

Tune.—The Judgment Day (B.J. 63).

8 Come in, dear Jesus, oh, come in,
And dwell within my soul,
And grant me now my heart's desire,
Oh, make me fully whole.

Chorus.

Ah, come and lead me to the fount
Of Jesus' precious Blood,
That I may be filled with all
The fullness of our God.

Come in, dear Jesus, oh, come in,
My heart with love now fill;
And help me as the days go by
To do Thy blessed will.

My all upon Thy altar, Lord,
I at this moment leave;
And from this hour by Thy grace,
I'll trust and follow Thee.
Bert. May Lang, Peterboro.

THE WAR CRY, Official Gazette of the
Salvation Army, published by John M.
C. Hearn, E. A. Printing House, 16
Albert St., Toronto.

Solidness

Tune.—Come to Me (B.J. 102).

1 Lord, as before Thy throne I'm wait-
ing,
Seal me now! (repeat)
With costly heart all sin forsaking,
Seal me now!
Now from my heart the burden roll,
With holy Fire baptize my soul,
Draw near and make me fully whole.
Seal me now!

Chorus.

Lord, I know that Thou art near me.
I believe Thou wilt hear me!
Oh, come now, and within me
A new heart create!

From all my pride, my sloth, my doubt-
ing.

Set me free!
Let all my fears be turned to shouting.
For Thee my reputation lose,
Thy cross henceforth I gladly choose.
Now, Lord, my every talent use,
Set me free!

According to Thy word now be it.
I believe!
Moy all around me daily see it:
I believe!
Thou dost all inbred sin remove,
And fill my soul with perfect love;
Oh, may I ever faithful prove,
I believe!

A. E. Baker, Edmonton

War.

Tune.—Storm the forts of darkness
(B.J. 4).

2 Soldiers of our God arise!
The day is drawing near;
Shake all slumber from your eyes,
The light is growing clearer.
Sit no longer idly by
While the heedless millions die;
Lift the blood-stained banner high,
And take the field for Jesus.

Chorus.

Storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down, bring them down!
Pull down Satan's kingdom,
Where'er he holds dominion;
Go, storm the forts of darkness,
Bring them down!
Glory, honor to the Lamb!
Praise and power to the Lamb!
Glory, honor, praise and power
Be forever to the Lamb!

See the brazen hosts of hell,
Art and power employing;
More than human tongue can tell,
Blood-bought souls destroying.
Hark, from ruin's ghastly road
Victims groan beneath their lead;
Forward! oh, ye sons of God,
And dare or die for Jesus!

Warriors of the Bleeding Lamb,
Army of Salvation,
Spread the fame of Gilead's halm,
Conquer every nation!
Raise the glorious standard higher:
Strike for victory, never tire;
Onward march with Blood and Fire,
And win the world for Jesus!

Free and Easy.

Tunes.—Out on the ocean (B.J. 27, 2);
Glory, glory, Jesus never me (B.J. 13);
2: You never can tell (B.J. 13, 2);
This is why I love my Jesus (B.J. 104, 1).

3 The Gospel ship along is sailing,
Bound for Christ's peaceful shore;
All who wish to sail to glory,
Come, and welcome, rich and poor.

Chorus.

"Glory, glory, hallelujah!"
All the sailors loudly cry;
"See the blessed port of Glory
Open to each faithful eye."

Thousands aye has safely landed
Far beyond this mortal shore;
Thousands still are sailing in her,
Yet there's room for thousands more.

Wait along this noble vessel,
All ye kales of Gospel grace;
Carry every faithful sailor
To his heavenly landing-place.

Come, poor sinner, come to Jesus,
Sail with us through life's rough sea;
Then, with us, you shall be happy,
Happy through eternity.

Wonderful Love.

Tune.—M.R. IX. 12.

4 Jesus came down my ransom to be,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
For out of the Father's heart He
came,
To die for me on a cross of shame,
To set me free He took the blame,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Chorus.

Wonderful, wonderful, wonderful love,
Coming to me from heaven above,
Filling me, thrilling me through and
through,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

Clear to faith's vision, the Cross reveals
Beautiful actions of love;
And all that by grace e'en I may be
When saved to serve Christ eternally;
He came, He died for you and me,
Oh, it was wonderful love!

His death's a claim, His love has a plea,
Oh, it was wonderful love!
Ungrateful was I to slight Thy call,
But, Lord, now I come, before Thee fall;
I give myself, I give up all,
All for Thy wonderful love.

Salvation.

Tune.—How will you do? (B.J. 174);
Oh, how He loves (B.J. 56).

5 When you come to Jordan's flood,
How will you do?
You who now condemn your God,
How will you do?
Death will be a solemn day!
When the soul is forced away,
It will be too late to pray,
How will you do?

You who laugh, and scorn, and sneer,
How will you do?
When in Jordan you appear,
How will you do?
Can you then your terrors brave,
Say you have no soul to save,
When you sink beneath the grove?
How will you do?

You who have no more than form,
How will you do?
Can you brave the awful storm?
How will you do?
When the waves of death assail
Every reed and prop will fail,
Forms will be of no avail—
How will you do?

You who have been turned aside—
How will you do?
Whither will you flee to hide?
How will you do?

Conscience will in terror rise,
And the worm that never dies,
When you sink no more to rise—
How will you do?